

Week ending September 18 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

ON & HOVE

8/6 FROM THIS STATION
Office for full details

ETERIA

FROM THIS STATION

Excursions

SUBURBAN BOOKING OFFICE - BOOK HERE FOR

LONDON TRANSP
TRAINS

THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL by David Tutaev

WINALOT fitness is the thing to go for

Naturally, you want your dog to be fit as fit can be. Then see he gets a meal of Winalot *every day*. This appetising, digestible dog food has those feeding qualities he needs to keep him in tip-top condition. In Winalot there are CARBOHYDRATES for energy, PROTEIN for repair of tissues, MINERALS for bone and teeth, VITAMINS for all round fitness. These are what every dog requires.



Tails wag-a-lot for

SPILLERS WINALOT

Available in sealed packets & cartons

For his other meal of the day give him SPILLERS SHAPES



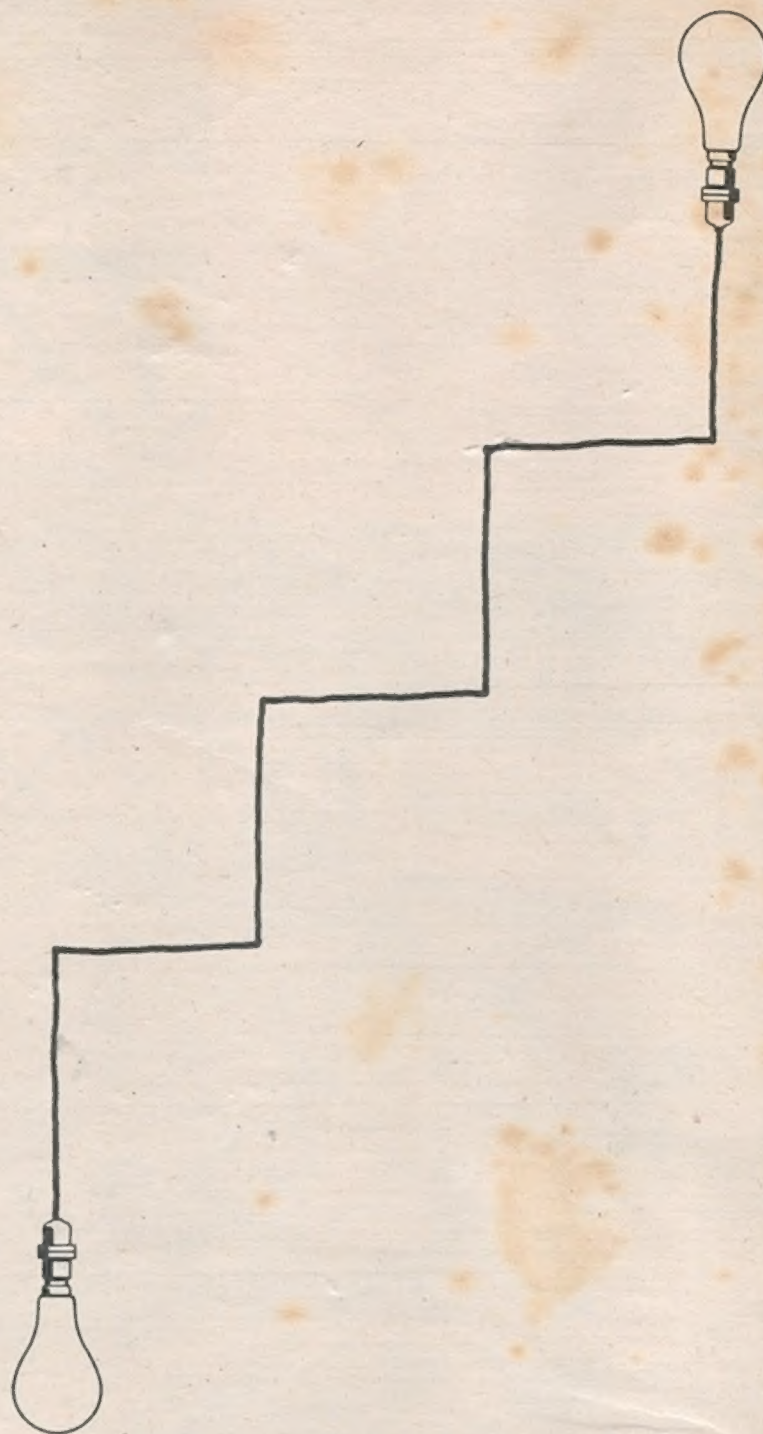
The Improved
MOLE
TRADE MARK
Self-Grip
WRENCH

Give yourself that extra hand you are always wishing for—the Mole Self-Grip Wrench. This

versatile tool can be used as a vice, wrench, clamp, super-pliers and so on. It locks on to work with tremendous power, leaving both hands free, yet can be released by just a flick of the centre lever. Sturdy and compact, the Mole Wrench is a MUST for all handy-men and mechanics.

Obtainable from your local Ironmonger, Motor or Motorcycle Accessory Dealer.

If in any difficulty write to: M. MOLE & SON LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3



Don't say 'lamps'—say

Crompton

You cannot buy better

BY APPOINTMENT
MANUFACTURERS
OF ELECTRIC LAMPS
TO THE LATE KING
GEORGE VI
CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD.



Mr. Connor is angry

WHEN only six volunteers turn up for an evening training class of the headquarters section of Enfield Civil Defence Corps, Mr. Vincent Connor is sad—and angry.

For he believes that the case for Civil Defence has not been put over convincingly, and he is sure that training is often inadequate.

Mr. Connor is an electrical engineer—just the sort of expert C.D. needs. He has been in it for four and a half years, and he served in A.R.P. and the old corps all through the second World War.

"SINCE we cannot guarantee that someone will not be silly enough to start another war, Civil Defence is a necessity," he says. "Suppose we don't get A-bombs or



MR. VINCENT CONNOR

"What if we don't get H-bombs?"

H-bombs after all. Suppose Britain were showered with explosive missiles. We should be in a pretty mess without C.D. on the spot in every district."

But the mass of the public is unimpressed. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, once said that half a million is the "irreducible minimum" number of volunteers. Yet he is still 165,883 below that figure.

The rebels at Tottenham and Coventry, who refuse to co-operate, express a widely felt sentiment. This is proved by the figures.

KEY corps such as those in London and Birmingham have only a quarter of the volunteers they need. Glasgow has nine volunteers for every hundred hoped for.

Training is half-hearted. Fewer than half the Londoners have finished basic instruction, and in Liverpool only fifteen per cent.

So now Sir David is launching a new campaign to attract volunteers. "The need for Civil Defence is greater than ever," proclaim the posters.

This may be true, but most people either do not agree or do not care. As the Iron Curtain seems to rise a little, they are hoping more optimistically than ever for peace.

At the moment, it is doubtful whether Sir David will get his recruits. If he believes that C.D. is vital, he may have to abandon his reliance on voluntary help.

He may be forced to think seriously of creating a new branch of the fighting Services: a full-time Civil Defence Force of professionals trained to tackle the results of a super-war.

Mr. Connor and his fellow volunteers would have an important part to play if it ever happened again. They are gallant, public-spirited citizens. But the next war, if it came, would call for more than amateurs.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IF all the minutes in which exasperated men have waited under Victoria's famous clock for attractive girls were put end to end (the station was opened in 1860) they'd cover Britain's entire railway system—and it's the world's most extensive. At first, Fred Laurent toyed with a new angle—the man arriving late. Then he thought of the comforting saying: "Long awaited, long last; quickly come, soon past"—and painted the truth.



THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL. By David Turner



'I know what I like...'
..and that is
delicious **OVALTINE**

For Breakfast

A good breakfast to start the day is an excellent rule—especially for children—and the right hot drink is essential to a good breakfast.

'Ovaltine' supplements the diet with concentrated nourishment from Nature's best foods.



There is nothing more welcome than delicious 'Ovaltine'. Its nutritive properties, including extra vitamins, help to replace lost energy and maintain fitness.

For Elevenses



For Bedtime



A cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime helps to promote the conditions favourable to natural, refreshing sleep. While you sleep, it assists in restoring vigour and vitality. No other beverage can give you better sleep.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

P.936A

YOU can afford it!



36/6

in deep cream or black vitreous enamel

the **ABM ECONOMIC** fire
for continuous burning

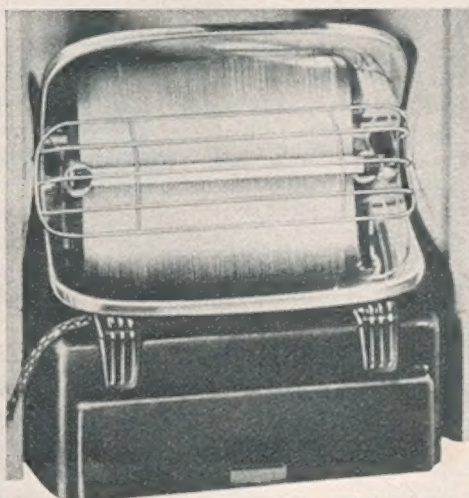
Saves fuel—keeps you warm day and night—replaces the old-fashioned un-economic bottom grate and fret.

- Completely assembled—ready for immediate use in all 16" ABM and Milner type firebacks—fits many others by means of pivoting side wings
- Portable, adjustable—no cementing, no fixing expenses, no sawing or drilling...
- Does not become landlord's property. Can easily be moved for chimney sweeping, or for use in other rooms
- Economic to run—3-position air-regulator closely controls day and continuous night burning
- Good Housekeeping Guarantee—awarded the Institute's Certificate and Seal of Guarantee after extensive tests for all-night burning

for double
benefit

1 kw 42/6

(plus 16/- P.T. at present). Clips on to front of the ABM Economic. In summer hides the empty grate—gives heat when you want it



ABM ECONOMIC
and electric fires

See them at your local stockists—
or write for free leaflet

ASSOCIATED BUILDERS MERCHANTS,
PETERS HILL, UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C.4

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
SEPT. 18, 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2516 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Star athletes —or young ladies?

MY daughter, who is seventeen, arrived home from school this week to say that she had been selected for a special athletics training course. At her school sports last term she threw the javelin a record distance and also won the shot-putt.

Her father was delighted by the news, but I was not so pleased. I don't want my daughter to grow into a muscular amazon, able to pitch weights and hurl javelins. I'd prefer her to go in for other pastimes that help to develop feminine grace and charm.

My husband said I was old-fashioned. He said it would be bad for national prestige if our girls were beaten by the women of other nations at the next Olympic Games.

I wonder if he is right. After all, it is primarily her women who have won for France a reputation for elegance and culture. Yet in last month's European Games, French women did not win anything.—Mrs. J. W., London, N.W.10.

There should be no undesirable effects on women from strenuous exercise like throwing the javelin and putting the shot, says a doctor. But training methods must be correct. This type of sport may even benefit the figure by developing the shoulder muscles and improving the bust-line.

Eye Witness

RECENTLY, I was summoned to sit on a coroner's jury. On my way home afterwards I was discussing the



inquest with a fellow juror when I was surprised to find that he was almost deaf. He told me he had followed the proceedings by lip-reading, but he confessed he was not really very sure what they were all about.—LEONARD BURRELL, Mount Gold Road, Plymouth, Devonshire.

Liability to service on a coroner's jury does not depend on inclusion in the local jury book, which is compiled from electors' lists. Anyone, with certain exceptions, may be summoned to serve, although a coroner's officer often keeps a list of people he knows are willing to give service at any time.

Penny Wise?

READING Elspeth Huxley's story, "A Thing To Love," has brought back many memories of the years I spent in Kenya. One thing I had quite forgotten was the native custom of reckoning in shillings, and never in pounds. The shilling there is made up of one hundred cents, and the equivalent of the British penny is a ten-cent piece. I wonder why the administration decided to use the metric system rather than adopt the

currency we have at home.—J. A. CALDWELL, Skipton Road, Sheffield.

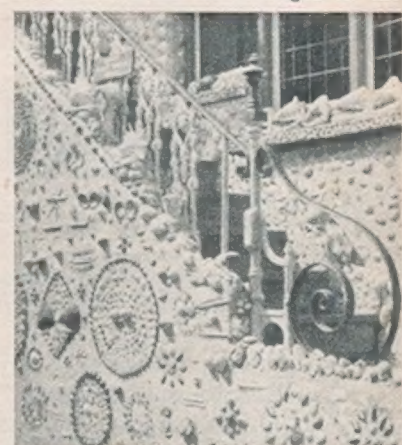
In 1922, shillings were issued in Kenya as the standard coin. As cent pieces were already in use, these were incorporated into the new currency. Notes are issued in multiples of a shilling, hence the custom of reckoning thus instead of in pounds.

The Man In Charge

ALL the fuss about boarding buses at traffic lights could be avoided if we copied the design of the new Paris buses. During my holiday there, I found that the conductor sits in a glass-walled cubicle at the rear of the bus. From his seat, he collects fares as passengers get on, and operates doors at the entrance by remote control. No one can board or leave the bus until he decides to let them.—Mrs. V. H. M., Eastbourne, Sussex.

House Of Shells

WHEN I visited Polperro, Cornwall, a few weeks ago, I was delighted to see the house shown in my photograph. Its front is covered with shells and pebbles of all shapes and hues, and these are arranged in the



most pleasing patterns. The house was obviously a great attraction to all who passed through the village.—J. SENIOR, Bennett Lane, Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

The cottage, which is Victorian, has been decorated with local shells by its present owner, Mr. Sam Puckey. Apart from the patterns in the photograph, the walls are decorated with a representation of Eddystone lighthouse.

Coal In The Road

COAL may be cheaper in some parts of Derbyshire, but I am glad I don't live there. It isn't always delivered in sacks, but is dumped in the road in front of the house, where the housewife often has to shovel it up. I saw several piles of coal in the road during a bus journey between Swanwick and Pinxton. I wondered if London

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Her great new mystery novel
begins next week in

JOHN BULL

FULL DETAILS ON PAGE 14

housewives would tolerate it.—Miss H. MACGREGOR, Northborough Road, Norbury, London, S.W.16.

Miners' house coal is usually delivered in this way, the miner paying only delivery charges, which are less because the coal is loose.

As Others See Us

MY husband, a Pole, was discussing with one of his Polish friends what had surprised them most when they

Continued on page 6



SEE for yourself that...

*nothing washes whiter
than **PERSIL!***

DO THIS LOOK TEST

1st LOOK

Look for whiteness! Wash your whites in Persil and see how much whiter they are! A clean, true **WHITE** white! That's Persil white! Yes, Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner.

2nd LOOK

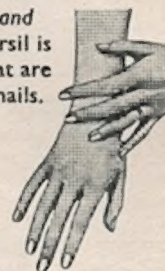
See how Persil copes with stains—it even shifts blackcurrant juice. And that's one of **THE TOUGHEST WHITENESS TESTS OF ALL!**

3rd LOOK

See how bright Persil washes your coloureds, how it keeps woollens soft, fine things fresh and clean.

4th LOOK

Look at your hands! See and feel how much kinder Persil is than washing powders that are harsh to your hands and nails.



**Yes, boil or no boil,
Persil beats the lot!
Best in your washing machine, too!**

PERSIL washes whiter!

Giant 1/8, Large 11d, Small 6d

—and that means **cleaner!**

PER 1319-1547



Y'S MEN WEAR Y-FRONT!

look good..feel good..be twice the man in

Coopers
Y-FRONT
REGD. & PATENTED

the first and finest men's support underwear

The modern conception of underwear comfort... trim, snug, absorbent, hygienic... sized to fit YOU. No buttons, notapes, easy to launder, and with the unique Y-Front support construction. **SHORTS AND SINGLETs** (as on left) IN PANEL RIB OR COTTON MESH.



Alternative styles in
Panel Rib Cotton

Short sleeved
Vests and Midways

ALL SIZES - ALL STYLES

6/6
PER GARMENT

Y-FRONT IS MADE ONLY BY

Lyle and Scott

OF SCOTTISH KNITWEAR FAME

Now then kittens! In the queue!
Kit-E-Kat's the food for you!



Yes! Cats and kittens really need the complete nourishment that Kit-E-Kat provides. There are several meals of this ready-to-serve food in every tin—packed full of the fish and meat that all cats love, and only 9d.

THE COMPLETE AND NOURISHING CAT FOOD

KIT-E-KAT CHOCK-FULL OF FISH AND MEAT

cooked and ready to serve

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

came to this country. They agreed that it was the apparent lack of real family feeling.

As examples of this they quoted: radio messages for sons and daughters last heard of many years ago; the willingness on the part of children to allow their ageing parents to go into a home rather than care for them themselves; the anxiety of parents to rush their children into a school at the earliest possible age. My husband would not allow our daughter to go to school until she was seven. Her first lessons in the three Rs were given by me in our home.—MRS. C. M., Birmingham.

Sign Language

WHILE walking through a park in Vienna, my attention was drawn to the amusing "Keep Off The Grass" sign shown in my photograph. It depicts an elephant making heavy footprints on the ground, and bears the caption: *Auch Du?* meaning, "You, too?"



Later, I saw many other illustrated signs, one of which showed a dachshund carrying a lead in its mouth. The meaning was quite clear in any language: "Keep your dog on a lead." I thought these signs added a cheerful note to the park, and they were probably doubly effective because of the clever way in which they attracted attention. — Miss S. B., Welling, Kent.

Always On Show

ON a visit to Oporto, I was invited to dinner in the factory house of the British port wine shippers there. The house was built originally as a meeting place for British port wine factors, but has now become a British club.

Much of the furniture there is priceless, made by Chippendale himself when he went to Portugal. Our dinner was served on Chelsea-Derby plates—each one a museum piece.

I was told that one dish was sent to a London museum for examination. The museum authorities wrote at once asking the factory house secretary if he could send one more piece of the dinner service on loan—the china was unique and it was wanted for an exhibition.

Back went the reply from Portugal. They were sorry, but the complete dinner service of three hundred plates was in regular use. None could be spared.—R. M., London, W.5.

The Rescue

J. LENNOX KERR'S account of the Clan Macquarrie rescue in JOHN BULL was most interesting to me and my fellow coastguards. He has certainly described it accurately. The rescue had a romantic sequel recently.

When the Clan Macquarrie's chief officer, George Emmett, came ashore in the breeches buoy, he went

up to Borge Post Office to phone his parents to tell them he was safe.

He met the postmaster's twenty-two year old daughter, Marie Martin. She is a very pretty girl—and he married her in Glasgow last July.—STATION OFFICER THOMAS PRICE, Stornoway Coastguards.

The final instalment of "The Great Storm" begins on page 20.

Toytown Tribute

STAYING at The Hague recently, I visited Holland's famous toytown of Madurodam. It is named after a student, George Maduro, and in it the giant proportions of a child's world are scaled down to model size. Here, children may touch a church steeple and listen to the music of hymns coming from within the church. Electric trains and trams click-clack along miniature rails, boats sail in and out of the docks, and cars roar past along two-way traffic lanes. Yet, for all the children I saw thronging this wonderful Lilliputian world, I never saw one step out of line or attempt to finger something that should not be touched. I don't think our children would be so well behaved. — JOHN MCKERRELL, Dick Street, Dunfermline, Fifeshire.

George Maduro, son of a Portuguese Jew, was a student at Leyden University when the Germans invaded Holland. He was interned in a concentration camp, where he died. In his memory, his family gave a sum of money to establish the miniature town, to which organizations all over the world have sent models of famous buildings. From the proceeds a students' sanatorium is maintained.

False Alarm

DURING a combat training course a few weeks ago, several airmen had to undergo a nerve-gas test. The instructor dabbed each man's arm with what he said was a small sample of the gas in liquid form. He then described the symptoms usually shown by people who have been affected by the gas.

Later in the morning, several



students showed signs of gas poisoning, and had to stop work. When they recovered, they were told that the gas samples were really scrapings from an old tin of yellow paint. Their sickness had been caused solely by imagination.—R. McGUIRE, R.A.F., Habbaniya, Iraq.

Most people will react to a suggestion that medicine, manipulation or ritual will produce in them either a good or bad effect, says a doctor. This is the basis of some medical treatment, of hypnotism, and even black magic.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

AN EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ARCTIC DOCTOR

The thrilling real-life drama of Dr. J. P. Moody's work and adventures in a land of peril

FULL DETAILS ON PAGE 11



Dr. Moody (left) and an Eskimo guide



"I'M FINISHING
MY MURRAYMINT"

Murraymints

*the too-good-
to-hurry mints*

There is no way of doing justice in words to the pleasure of MURRAYMINTS. Do try them for yourself. You'll find them absolutely fascinating. They're hard, with a creamy smoothness, and they have a delicate hint of mint that's most refreshing. MURRAYMINTS last a wonderfully long time! They cost only 8d. a quarter.

-with a delicious hint of mint!



for *life!*

in your **radio**

in your **cycle lamp**

in your **torch**

in your **hearing aid**



Both these men are 35!



People so often guess a man's age by his hair

WHY SHOULDN'T WE PUT THINGS BLUNTLY? Thinning hair nearly always makes a man appear far more than his true age. Grossly unfair, you may say; a first impression. Maybe; but it is an impression that too often remains. And understandably; for a fine head of hair is a sign of admirable self-respect; and all the more so because the health of your hair is no longer entirely a matter of chance, it is much more a matter of science. Nowadays there is less and less excuse for unhealthy hair.

NEW, LIVING HAIR

The hair that you see in your mirror is dead—no more living than the tips of your fingernails. But, on a healthy scalp, every hair is constantly being replaced by new, living hair, growing outwards from the true growing point of the hair known as the 'papilla' or hair root.

New hair consists of a special kind of protein called *Keratin*. And *Keratin*, in its turn, is built from as many as 18 different amino-acids. Your hair roots must receive a constant supply of all these amino-acids, if your hair is to grow and be healthy.

Under perfect conditions your body supplies these hair-forming substances. But if you are not in perfect health, then these substances may be in short supply. And your hair begins to suffer. Many people, of course, never have had enough hair-forming substances. They suffer from a 'natural' shortage. In both these circumstances the scientific treatment is to supply extra amino-acids from outside the body. This can be done by massaging into the scalp the substance called *Silvikrin*. What is *Silvikrin*?

THE SECRET OF SILVIKRIN

A few drops of *Silvikrin* contain the building units of millions of healthy hair

cells. For *Silvikrin* contains the substances of which hair is formed: tryptophane, lysine, histidine, phenylalanine, leucine, isoleucine, methionine, valine, threonine, arginine, cystine, tyrosine, proline, serine, aspartic acid, glutamic acid, glycine and alanine. *Silvikrin* is the hair's natural food.

For falling hair or severe dandruff you should use *Pure Silvikrin*, a concentrated solution of all the amino-acids needed for vigorous hair health. There is also *Silvikrin Hair Tonic*, an invigorating, refreshing preparation containing a proportion of *Pure Silvikrin*—ideal both for treatment where hair troubles are not so advanced as to require *Pure Silvikrin*, and as a periodical tonic for maintaining hair health.

But continued hair health depends on sensible care. Most men require a daily dressing not only for the sake of appearance, but in order to keep hair and scalp in proper condition; and *Silvikrin Hair Dressing* (a lotion with oil) will be found ideal for daily use. This superb dressing, containing *Pure Silvikrin*, grooms hair smartly and corrects any tendency to dandruff.

Silvikrin Shampoos are also valuable aids to hair health. They are available in powder, liquid or cream form—all containing *Pure Silvikrin*, the hair's natural food.

THE SILVIKRIN RANGE

Pure Silvikrin 11/3. *Silvikrin Hair Tonic* 2/6 and 4/4. *Silvikrin Hair Dressing* 2/6 and 4/4. *Silvikrin Hair Cream* 4/-. *Silvikrin Shampoos*: Powder 4/d. Liquid 6/d and 1/5. Cream 1/5 and 2/3.

Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

Drawing based on a photomicrograph clearly showing the hair 'root' which must receive regular nourishment if the hair is to grow.



At the back of all our minds...

IS THERE ANYTHING we can do to prepare for the worst—a hydrogen bomb attack? Yes, there is. However complete and extensive destruction might be in the central area, there would still be a great ring around it only partly destroyed, with fires raging. And that is where there would be thousands of lives to be saved. It is the people outside the target area who would have to fight the fires, rescue the trapped and injured, feed and shelter the homeless. *If they knew how.* Half a million people realise this. They are training in the civil defence services, and because of them, if war ever does come, thou-

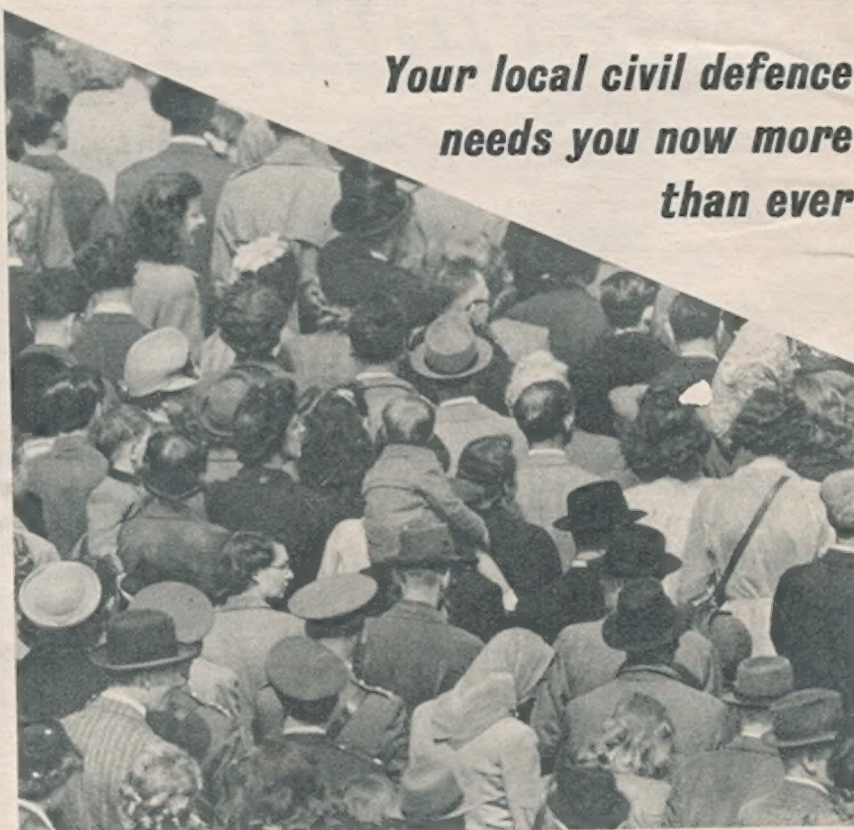
sands who might have died will live.

THE TIME TO TRAIN IS NOW!

We are all thankful that for the present the threat of war has receded. But an organisation whipped together in a crisis would not be much good.

Civil Defence is a vigorous, growing concern. Ask about it at your council offices. Your local Civil Defence Corps and Auxiliary Fire Service are the first line of civil defence—but they need thousands more volunteers. The more men and women who train now, the fewer will die if war should come.

**Your local civil defence
needs you now more
than ever**



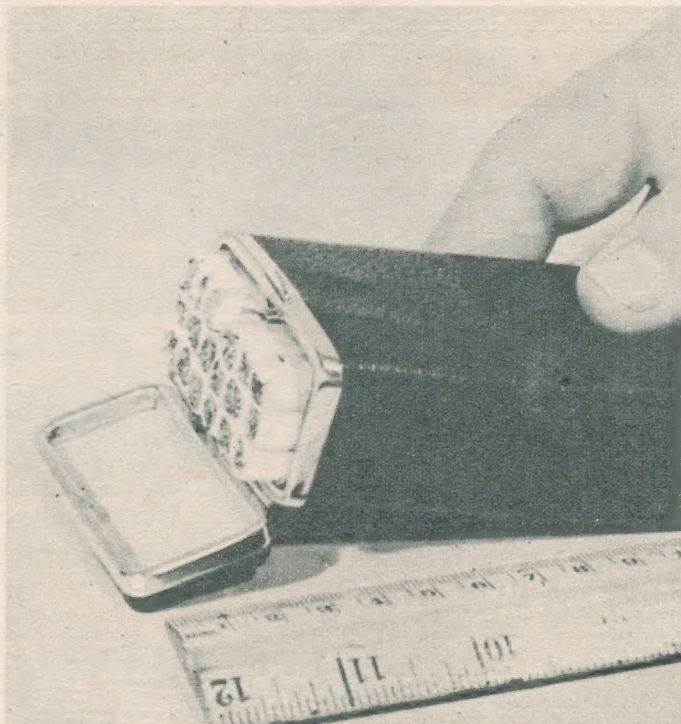
Issued by H.M. Government

THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL

by DAVID TUTAEV



Soviet Russia sent gunmen to murder Georgi Okolovich...



... and one of their weapons was this cigarette-case pistol

From Western Germany, Russian exile Georgi Okolovich fights his country's Communist régime. He is a marked man: last February, three Soviet agents set out to murder him with cigarette-case pistols and cyanide bullets. But they surrendered—and Okolovich works on. Beginning the first full story of the man who plots against Moscow... and waits for his enemies to try again

WEARING green camouflage dungarees, two men crawled and clawed their way one warm, moonlit night in August, 1939, through a mesh of barbed wire guarding the Russian frontier opposite Minsk. They carried money belts filled with roubles and forged documents, knapsacks stuffed with Soviet-style clothing and bundles of anti-Communist propaganda disguised as calendars—and a revolver apiece.

They were Russian exiles who for a year had been preparing with four colleagues at their Warsaw headquarters for this illegal entry.

The six men had learned the latest Soviet jargon and customs, and studied relief maps of the territory they were to cross. They knew that the N.K.V.D.—the Soviet Secret Police, now known as M.V.D.—had imposed a forbidden zone 1,500 miles long and generally sixty miles deep along the frontier. People living in this area were subjected to a stringent control, which

included a ban on showing a lighted window to the west from their homes.

The six "invaders" noted that at one point on the Soviet-Polish border, however, the protective zone was only eighteen miles wide. It was here that the men split into pairs to make their bid. One pair was soon spotted by frontier guards and killed in a gun-duel. The second pair also walked into opposition and one man was shot; his companion scrambled clear and turned back.

Two Men Get Through Obstacles

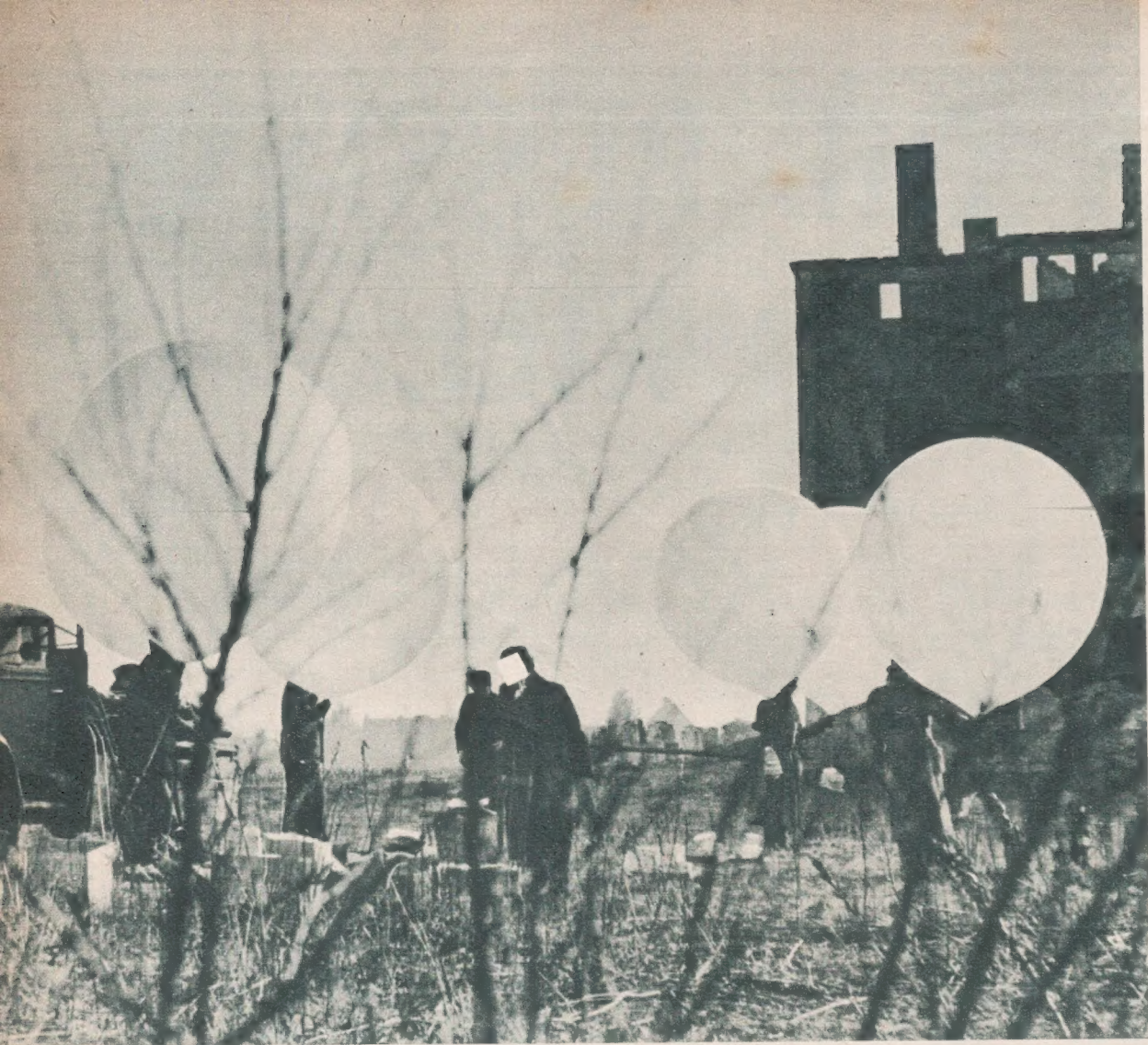
The third pair got through the barbed wire, only to find a further set of obstacles beyond it: ploughed and harrowed strips of earth ten yards wide, with finely raked surfaces that would give away a trespasser's footprints.

Beyond the strips, the police had erected high hedges of spindly thorn sharp enough to tear the skin off a man's back. The two survivors decided

to risk footprints, and then began hacking through the thorn. Scratched and bleeding, they reached the other side, walked across clear land for five miles, then found the obstacle pattern repeated—more wire, earth strips and thorn.

"They were certainly determined to keep us out," says one of the entrants, a stocky, broad-shouldered *émigré* called Georgi Okolovich, who looks more like a school teacher than the leader of a political organization that has goaded the Kremlin for more than two decades.

At fifty-three, Okolovich is the brain behind *Natsionalno Trudovoi Soiuz* (the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists)—a resistance movement to Russian Communism—centred in Germany and known as N.T.S. He works from an austere office at 24a Merianstrasse, Frankfurt on Main—where N.T.S. publishes a weekly newspaper, *Possev* (The Seeds)—and drives regularly between Frankfurt and Bad Homburg, where N.T.S. members live in a huddled colony



At a secret rendezvous in West Germany, N.T.S. men prepare balloons which will shower anti-Soviet pamphlets over the Eastern zone. Their faces are concealed to prevent identification



"Motherland calls. Serve the people, not those in power," proclaims this N.T.S. poster on a fence in Potsdam. It was addressed to Russian occupation troops, but was soon torn down

set in woodland. Also at Bad Homburg is a school of ideology and tactics where, the Russian newspaper *Izvestia* claims, Okolovich is a senior lecturer.

N.T.S., which has its opponents among Russian émigrés as well as in the M.V.D., has been accused of both communist and fascist leanings. Its leaders say that it would not abolish such social gains as the Soviets have made in education and the social services, but it would allow political parties full scope for their opinions; break up the collective farms, giving the land rent-free to the farmers who work it; sell or lease small and medium-sized industries to individuals or corporations; and support the United Nations.

Communist expansionism, says N.T.S., would be thrown over and friendship would be sought with all nations. Political representatives would be elected by the public to a Lower House; the Upper Chamber would be reserved for the elected delegates of organizations representing labour, management, science and the arts.

Assassination Plans Abandoned

At present, N.T.S.—it is only one of several "Liberation" movements—concentrates its work on propaganda. The activities organized at Frankfurt and Bad Homburg, says Okolovich, do not include such tactics as bomb-throwing, assassination or other acts of terror.

In the early thirties, when the N.T.S. called itself the National Union of the New Generation, lists of Soviet leaders marked for liquidation were drawn up, but were later abandoned and never revived. "Our objectives are political," says Okolovich. "Our main weapon is truth."

Georgi Sergeivich Okolovich was following this objective on the night of his difficult journey into Russia. Having broken through the last line of defences, he and his friend hid in the forests, listening to the baying of tracker dogs and wondering if the N.K.V.D. had spotted their footprints.

But their main enemy was thirst. They were afraid to reconnoitre for water in case they ran into an armed patrol. On the third night they reached the outskirts of Minsk, buried their dungarees and revolvers, marked the spot, changed into their Soviet-style clothes and walked boldly into the city.

After a shave and brush-up, they went to the railway station and asked for tickets to Moscow. Near the ticket-office barrier, an N.K.V.D. man stood checking passports and travel permits. They handed over their faked papers and saw with relief that they passed muster.

But the policeman was suspicious. Leaning over the counter, he demanded to see their hands. By now Okolovich realized that their "invasion" had already been detected because of the footprints. "The police were expecting to find a couple of lily-handed aristocrats. But our hands were far from white. We had worked with them most of our lives."

Shot Whistled Over Their Heads

Okolovich spent about five months in Russia. He went to Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, Kazan, Gomel, Kursk and other large cities, made underground contacts and distributed his "calendars." By now convinced that there was "room for the N.T.S. in Russia," he and his companion decided to leave by the way they had entered.

"We calculated we could fool the N.K.V.D. again," he explains. "They would never expect us to be so foolhardy." On the way, however, they were diverted by a blinding thunderstorm and accidentally stumbled on a sentry's dug-out. Surprised, the soldier held his fire for a moment. The two men rolled down a steep incline. "We heard a shot whistle over our heads."

The sentry on the Polish side of the border, says Okolovich wryly, was "asleep," and the pair reached Warsaw and reported on their mission. It was then, from his own experience, that

A SUPPLEMENT OF GRIPPING INTEREST
IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ARCTIC DOCTOR

A LIGHT burned late one night on the edge of the wilderness of ice and snow which forms Canada's Eastern Arctic. In its glow, Dr. J. P. Moody, a young district medical officer, began a test on spinal fluid that carried the virus of poliomyelitis.

Weary from days and nights of sleepless fight against the disease, which had spread disaster over thousands of square miles, he filled a glass tube with the fluid, placed it in a centrifuge, and set the machine spinning. Suddenly, the tube hit an obstruction. It shattered . . . spraying a circle of death round the walls of the laboratory, on his clothes, on his face. For a moment, he stood aghast.

Then his gaze went to the wall on which his map of Canada hung. Across the district under his control a large stain was creeping—a symbol of a slow path of desolation. He knew that he dare not give up, that he must not be defeated. For on him depended the lives of thousands of people, cut off in the frozen waste land by a quarantine that covered 40,000 square miles, a quarantine caused by the fiercest, most devastating polio epidemic that had ever been recorded. Among those who fell ill was his own daughter.

Dr. Moody tells, in "Arctic Doctor," of how he handled the epidemic, of the work which won him international medical fame.

In 1946 Dr. Moody took his young wife, Viola, and their infant daughter to Chesterfield, an outpost near the Arctic Circle. His "practice" covered 600,000 square miles, in which were scattered a few thousand Eskimos and a handful of whites. The Moodys



Dr. Moody and his wife, Viola, at Chesterfield, near the Arctic Circle

stayed there until 1950. "Arctic Doctor" is the gripping story of Dr. Moody's four years of medical work and adventure in a land of peril, a land where the solitude can drive men mad. It is a continual drama of life and death. Dr. Moody tells:

. . . Of the times when it was impossible to reach a patient, and diagnosis had to be made over radio . . . of stage-by-stage direction to a lonely trapper, hundreds of miles away, who, with only a blubber knife, had to amputate a poisoned finger—while other trappers at their listening posts throughout the Arctic had "ringside seats" at the operation. . . .

. . . Of the natives' mysterious drum dance, a sinister, hypnotic ritual that can end in tragedy . . . of the Eskimo "Queen" who turned cannibal when lost in a storm, and ate her own husband. . . .

. . . Of the strange disused air base where ten men lived in unbelievable luxury . . . of the priest who, single-handed, fought a fire aboard an aircraft crossing a treacherous range of hills . . .

Illustrated by colour and black-and-white photographs, "Arctic Doctor" appears as a special eight-page supplement in John Bull next week.

Okolovich began preparing further candidates, as he calls them, for illegal entry into Russia.

He concentrated on the tactics needed to reduce casualties from the fifty per cent sustained by his own party to one in nine. Okolovich himself has been into Russia again since that original trip; he has also put a number of N.T.S. men—and women—over the border. One of these, he says, was a beautiful nineteen-year-old Russian girl he calls Marie, "who behaved like a veteran and is still inside."

Okolovich is secretive about N.T.S. strength, but his associate, Lev Rahr, who is in charge of the London end of the organization, puts it as "somewhere under three thousand." Frankfurt is preferred to Munich (the chief *émigré* centre) as headquarters because of the squabbles among the Russian liberation groups.

Neither at Frankfurt nor Bad Homburg did I see any guards or bulging pockets, and Okolovich drives about without noticeable signs of uneasiness, though it was recently made clear that the M.V.D. are always up-to-date on his movements.

He says that the M.V.D. is constantly trying to infiltrate spies into the organization, but he claims that the N.T.S. is almost proofed against them.

In Russia, groups of two and three good friends—never more—form "molecule" units. Appeals are constantly made to other supporters in Russia to get together in this way. Larger groups would be too dangerous.

As the M.V.D. are primarily a weapon of mass oppression, says Okolovich, they find it hard to deal with each molecule in turn. If one is discovered, the M.V.D. can never go down the chain because there are no links: each molecule

operates independently, without contact with or knowledge of other molecules.

This leads to a sense of loneliness, and members are encouraged to chalk up the N.T.S. symbol—a trident—wherever they can. Leaflets carrying "combat" instructions to supporters in Russia and East Germany promise that the time will come when the Soviet Union will be covered in tridents. "We don't want people taking unnecessary risks," Okolovich says. "We discourage premature strikes, mutinies and demonstrations. That belongs to the second stage."

Today, Okolovich and the N.T.S. concentrate on leaflet, pamphlet and secret message distribution. More than thirty helium-filled balloons were recently released with 190,000 pamphlets destined for the Soviet occupation forces in East Germany.

Propaganda Is Smuggled Through

A rocket or mortar technique is sometimes used to fire canisters containing up to 20,000 leaflets so that they explode over a wide area. Variants of Chinese crackers are planted by N.T.S. supporters near Soviet Army barracks, parks and in public places of recreation. When they reach a certain degree of dampness, they go off, scattering pamphlets in all directions.

Some propaganda, according to Okolovich, is smuggled into Russia by Soviet officers. Rubber printing stamps which can be used to imprint closely written texts are hidden in hollowed-out history books and Communist Party primers: on arrival in Russia, they are attached to the bottom of beer bottles with rubber bands. Books ostensibly written—according to the wording on the covers—by well-known Soviet authors are made up with pages of N.T.S. propaganda. By

now, distribution is very highly developed. Russian housewives, Okolovich says, find propaganda in their shopping baskets, and it also appears in canteens, on the shelves of Russian bookshops and on one occasion was found between the sheets of beds in a Russian hospital.

Much N.T.S. propaganda appeals to its supporters in Russia to "enter the ranks of the Communist Party and State apparatus, to win key positions in the army and the youth movement." Others are merely asked to chalk up the trident sign on barracks, factory walls, park benches and in public transport—"anywhere so long as it does not endanger the dauber."

Instructions are beamed to the molecules by the N.T.S. "Free Russia" station, which leads an illegal, will-o'-the-wisp existence, flitting from place to place in Allied-occupied Austria and Western Germany. It consists of a battered truck equipped with a transmitter built from spare parts after the war.

Three men operate it. Unlicensed by the German authorities, it pirates wavelengths allocated to Russia. It keeps on the move to counter Soviet jamming and has been known to appeal to Russian radio engineers to sabotage their own jamming.

Radio "Free Russia" has a favourite diversion of jumping-in on a broadcast from Moscow with a few comments. Then, before the Soviet jammers have time to switch on their "screechers" or to play martial music, the station flees to another wavelength. Operational messages are transmitted as well as a war of words, and Soviet officials and generals are persistently asked to "come over."

Not all this activity finds approval among
Continued on page 38

Signora in love

by NIGEL SLIGH

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER WYLES

Maria could see they were very much in love.
But why was the signora so terribly unhappy?

IN THE EARLY SPRING, Maria Vinceni missed the comings and goings of the honeymoon couples. The hotel, the only one in the little Italian village of Astri, was suddenly booked solid. An airliner had crashed in the bay below the village, and overnight Astri was a name on the world's lips. Accommodation was demanded by the press, by witnesses at the inquiry, by various technical experts. There was no room for honeymoon couples.

But after some days the press found fresh occurrences elsewhere and by the end of three weeks, when the wreckage had been brought up and examined and the others had gone, the growing heat and stillness healed over the raw ends of tragedy. And yet it was as though its shadow had darkened Astri for, as the spring days lengthened, still no young couples came.

Maria was twelve, but already she had set herself up as a judge of these favourites of hers, the honeymooners who used to come so often in spring and summer, counting the swiftly passing days with touching regret. And, if a couple pleased her on sight, she had had a trick of winking broadly at Toni, the odd job man, as he carried in the luggage.

Not once but many times Maria asked her father when the lovers would be returning and he would push up the spectacles on to his forehead, rubbing his eyes. "Soon, little one, soon. With the swallows."

And when Signor and Signora Charlton arrived, instantly they captivated Maria not only because they were the first but because they were in addition young, good looking, very English but not unfriendly. Maria winked happily at Toni, bringing in the luggage, almost tripping him up over her legs to show that good times were here again.

When the new arrivals had signed the register, Maria crept quietly into the cool dark hall and studied their names. And when they both came down about six o'clock, having bathed and changed, Maria's eyes were upon them. The signora's red linen frock pleased her and she considered the husband most handsome with his dark hair and grey suit. Automatically, she began to weave a story-book romance.

They stood, a little uneasily at first, getting their bearings. Tables and ornamental iron chairs were under the vines, and Maria heard the signora say: "Let's sit over there, shall we, darling?"

The signor followed, drawing back a chair for

his wife, and this act of courtesy delighted Maria, proving conclusively to her that she was right and the pair newly wed.

Maria, who prided herself on her English, went forward and said: "Would the signor and signora care to drink an aperitif, as supper will not be for a little time?"

The signora smiled, large grey eyes very beautiful. "Can I get a cocktail?"

"But yes of course, signora. Toni knows how to make all the newest ones: the martinis, bronxes, the gin slings."

"A martini please, and very dry."

"And for the signor?"

"A lager beer."

This somewhat pedestrian request disappointed Maria. So English a gentleman should almost certainly have demanded whisky, and Maria knew how proud her father was of his stock. But she said nothing, only bowing gravely, and went to give Toni the order and to tell him her impression of the couple.

When Toni, now swathed in a clean white apron, brought the drinks, Maria followed him. She sat in her usual place, within earshot, yet not intruding.

"Isn't this fun, Isobel?"

Maria did not turn her head but from the corner of an eye saw the signora nod, gazing steadfastly into the little glass of her cocktail.

DESPITE her most confident opinion, Maria was a trifle disconcerted. From past experience, the answers never varied very much. Almost always an ecstatic reply, then smiles, hands grasped under the table, glances of love.

But perhaps, Maria told herself, they were very shy. So she left her chair, and leaned against the stone pillar, trying to make herself as inconspicuous as possible in order to encourage a gradual loosening of mood.

"Why should it have to be you, Harry?"

This was strictly against custom, Maria thought. Of many possible replies, never before had there been this agony. And when the next words came, by their very understatement, Maria was the more puzzled.

"Oh I don't know, darling. Somebody's got to do it and they seemed pretty set it had better be me."

"I still don't see."

Still the signora was gazing into her cocktail as if it held the reason to which she was so blind. Now, almost for the first time, Maria began to doubt her infallible judgment. She moved



Maria leaned against the pillar, hoping not

forward, and more openly examined the couple.

The lingering twilight was kind, but now Maria fancied lines of strain about the signora's eyes and mouth and a suggestion of a precipice of nerves below the Englishwoman.

The signor put a hand on the table and his wife suddenly clasped it. The movement ran contrary to all the gestures known to Maria. This was no coy advance. It could be a final consolidation, an entreaty, a farewell.

"Darling, oh darling."

There was a sob in the signora's voice and Maria felt the skin of her neck, under the hair, goose-pimple.

She turned and went indoors, accosting her father.

The glasses balanced on his forehead, he sat rubbing his eyes. "The company investigating



to be noticed. The signora was staring at her glass, and she heard her say: "Why should it have to be you, Harry?" There was agony in the voice

the accident made the reservation for them."

"Then he is a technician?"

"He is a flier. What they call the test flier."

"He will fly another plane? Like the one. . . ?"

ALL at once everything was clear to Maria: the agony in the woman's voice, the almost stylized behaviour between them, the man's abstinence. He must fly another plane, take it up, and throw it about the sky until either it broke into pieces as had done its predecessor or else vindicated the faith so many had in it.

In the morning a car came for the signor but Maria did not see the wife until almost midday. Then she came down from her room in the same red linen dress, and sat at the same table.

When the signora saw Maria, sitting in the

shade, except for the long brown legs, she smiled and, after a moment's hesitation, Maria came shyly to the table.

"The signora had a restful night?"

"It was most comfortable."

"And will the signor be back for lunch?"

"Not until late afternoon."

The signora's heart is broken? The signora waits for each minute with fear breaking in? The signora loves him more than she can ever say?

The unspoken questions raced in Maria's head. Beside this love of two people, tested by experience and propinquity, now strained to unbearable pitch, the love of the honeymooners had been raw and ingenuous. The reflection made Maria's heart beat uncomfortably.

"It is a very beautiful day. If the signora

would care to swim I could show her the easiest way to the bay."

The woman smiled again, but now in the smile was only sadness. "I will wait till my husband is back. He is very fond of swimming. When I knew he was to come here, I asked as a special favour to come with him. . . ." Then she added, as if an explanation must cover her inmost feelings: ". . . I have never been to Italy before and I heard how lovely it was."

"Many come here from England."

"I'm sure."

"Would the signora care for a cocktail?"

"I think I'll wait."

Until the evening. Until the signor was safe again beside her. Until in the soft twilight she would once again be sure that he was hers.

The hot sleepy silence of the midday torpor

AGATHA CHRISTIE



FOLLOWING nearly thirty years as an international best-seller, the amazing Agatha Christie is making 1954 a year of phenomenal achievement. With two highly successful plays, *Witness For The Prosecution* and *The Mousetrap*, running in London's West End, and a third—*The Spider's Web*, starring Margaret Lockwood—ready for the late autumn, she has capped her triumph with an outstanding new mystery novel. This, her fifty-sixth book, and one of her finest yet, will begin in **JOHN BULL** next week. It is called . . .

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

The story is one of the most engrossing that Agatha Christie has ever written: it shows her at the height of her powers. Once again she has broken away from the "whodunit" pattern that made her famous—and once again the result is a great success.

The theme is: the missing scientists. What makes them leave their wives and families and suddenly disappear? Where do they go? *How* do they go?

The case of Tom Betterton, brilliant atomic physicist and discoverer of ZE Fission, sets the same puzzle. Like other distinguished scientists, he has vanished without trace.

And now Hilary Craven comes on the scene.

Hilary is a young Englishwoman broken in spirit by the death of her only child and the wreck of her marriage. She is about to take an overdose of sleeping tablets—there seems no reason to go on living—when she meets the urbane Mr. Jessop, a British agent.

Jessop, who is investigating Tom Betterton's disappearance, can see a very good reason for her to stay alive. He has a vital job for her. She is intelligent and has a good memory—that is important. She has red hair—and that is important, too. Also—perhaps most important of all—she is past caring whether she lives or dies.

For the job that Jessop asks her to take sounds like suicide itself . . . to impersonate the wife of Tom Betterton and follow him on his journey to a "destination unknown."

Here is a story which will delight the millions of Agatha Christie fans throughout the world. It has been superbly illustrated for **JOHN BULL** by William Little, and the first long instalment appears . . .



Hilary arrives at Casablanca: one of the striking illustrations by William Little

NEXT WEEK IN **JOHN BULL**

was suddenly broken by the harsh banshee wail of a jet aircraft climbing steeply above them.

Maria ran into the courtyard, shading her eyes, and a moment later a long pointed plume of vapour poured out upon the brilliant backcloth of sky.

She heard the iron chair scrape against the stones and the signora was beside her. Impulsively Maria thrust one of her hot sticky little hands into the larger, cool hand of the Englishwoman. Glancing up, she saw the dreadful fear that was nakedly reflected on Isobel's face.

"Would not the signora care to sit again in the shade? The sun is not good all at once for those who are not used to it."

Gently Maria tugged at the signora's hand, desperately searching for conversation to distract this unhappy guest. Never did she more bitterly regret her lack of years and intelligence.

"If the signora will permit, I must improve my English conversation so that when I am older I may be able to help my father."

Isobel stared down at the girl sitting by her feet. "But already you are helping. . . ."

Again through the still warmth of the morning came the faint, far away scream of the aircraft rapidly approaching.

"You, signora?"

Isobel smiled at the upturned, eager face and nodded. Maria clasped her hand. "It is for luck, signora."

THE roar of the aircraft shattered the courtyard, battering their ears, and instinctively Maria ducked. Isobel stared over the girl's bowed head at the harsh, angular shadows on the sun-dappled walls, her hand tightening on the girl's until suddenly Maria winced, crying out: "Oh, the signora is hurting me."

The child's words were all but swept away in that vast crescendo of terrible sound as the aircraft climbed steeply on the same course that had led to the destruction of the other; but nevertheless Isobel glanced down, and for a moment the thought that unwittingly she had hurt this girl made her forget the overpowering terror that was striking such blows at her.

"Oh, my dear, I'm sorry."

For a moment longer Maria held her crumpled fingers as though they were broken and then she smiled, for now the roar was bearable, then it was fading. Isobel stroked Maria's hand.

"It has gone, signora. You did not really hurt me, but sometimes when I hurt myself I make myself hurt somewhere else and then the other pain is not so bad. Once I fell and broke my leg and I have not forgotten the trick."

During the afternoon the stillness was undisturbed and the signora rested in her room. Then, when the sun made its first move to slide behind the walls and it was cool under the vines, Maria heard a car and, a moment later, the English signor was in the courtyard.

"It was successful, signor, the test?" Maria called, running to him. "This morning the signora and I sat together and listened while you made the test. The signora was very gracious and permitted English conversation."

For a long moment the Englishman and the little Italian girl regarded each other, then he smiled and Maria fancied that they had become conspirators, sharing an important secret, and the happiness in her heart overflowed. Now she was grown up, no longer a child while the honeymoon couples made their play of love.

"And all is finished, signor?"

"Today was the bad day. The rest will be all right."

"How happy the signora will be. I think she is waiting for the signor to take her to swim."

Without answering, he patted Maria's head, then walked into the hotel.

Some time later, Maria climbed a wall to watch them walk slowly to the bay, arms round each other, and on her face was an expression of supreme content.

THE END



Ingra Tor Halt, Dartmoor. Every year rumour predicts that the railway will close down, but it's that sort of English branch line—indestructible

SLOW TRAIN TO NOWHERE

HARRY HOPKINS on his Journey Into Britain sets out for Dartmoor—a vast gaunt wilderness governed by feudal laws and dominated by a bleak granite prison

YELVERTON IS ONE OF a dozen or so little places that ring the dark immensity of Dartmoor. It is scattered and a bit nondescript, with, here and there, perhaps, just a touch of suburbia—for Plymouth is only eleven miles away down the hill. The common—an institution in all these villages that fringe the moor—is half-obliterated by the vast tarmac runway of a wartime airfield and, in the summer months, this presents a strange urban-rural picture as grazing sheep and Dartmoor ponies wander among parked cars and chromiomed ice-cream trailers.

Yelverton is also the "lowland" terminus of the branch line that winds a solitary way across Dartmoor to Princetown, "the highest staffed railway station in England."

By road this trip—six miles—might occupy

possibly twelve minutes. By rail—eleven miles—it takes forty-one minutes up, and thirty-five minutes down. And there is a point on the route where an able-bodied passenger, jumping off and nipping across the moor, could enjoy the modest triumph of arriving at the next station before the train.

A year rarely passes without its rumours that at last the old line is to be closed down. But, somehow, next year, tourists pausing at various vantage points are still exclaiming at the sight of that long white ribbon of smoke, tracing its leisurely spirals across the wastes of heather. For this is that sort of English branch line: indestructible.

The station is hidden away at the bottom of a small side-road that runs down near the church. I found it with difficulty. As I crossed



Old John Reep misses little that happens on the moor. "Britain's largest pony breeder," he still finds a market for his ponies in the coal mines



Leslie Mutton (with secretary Joan Worrall) is a steward to the Duchy of Cornwall—Dartmoor's hereditary "landlord." On the road behind is a convict party, an everyday sight in Princetown



Princetown's life depends on Dartmoor Prison (at back). First inmates were French and American prisoners of war taken there in the early 1800s



the footbridge, the 2.28—two coaches, a small goods wagon and a guard's van—was already waiting at the platform. The driver, his genial face professionally grit-stained, was standing near the end, chatting with his mate. Bundles of faggots for kindling the fire in the mornings lay on the front of the engine.

A prospective passenger, one nervous eye on the train, fretted in front of the closed booking office. Clearly no regular—for a regular would have seen at once that all was well under control. A clerk came over the bridge; the ticket window went up; a porter strolled along the platform carrying the signal staff.

The 2.28 gave a whistle—throaty yet dignified—and we were off.

Francis Drake's Mad Gallop

Almost at once we were climbing over the moor, hugging the contour lines, tracing the first of those great writhing bends. Leaning out of the carriage window, I noticed a narrow man-made water channel that followed for a minute or two the course of the line. It was the Plymouth Leat, Drake's Leat—the water channel Sir Francis Drake engineered when Mayor of Plymouth to bring a better water supply into the town. The story goes that when at last all was done, Drake jumped on his horse and dashed off down the hill, racing the new water into the town.

A few minutes later we came to a halt beside a short wooden platform that seemed suspended high in mid-air, above the blue waters of a magnificent lake. Burrator, said the station sign. The "lake" was Plymouth reservoir, constructed by Drake's successors to improve further the city water supply. But, man-made or not, how wonderfully it softened the asperities of the Dartmoor landscape!

And what a strange, haunting landscape it is! For by now great vistas of moor were opening up on either side of the snaking line. Vistas not of height and of depth—for there is nothing of the standard melodrama of mountains here—but of space; not of precipitous valleys and dizzy peaks, but of endless long bare ridges, sloping gently upwards like the waves of some vast sea, their points of intersection erupting in scatters of dark granite or crowned by great squat blocks, crudely sculpted by the wind and the rain into rough semblance of the weightier Epsteins: the Dartmoor Tors.

Obstruction On The Line

It was as if the whole world were one vast mountain and one was striding along, securely on the top of it. *Striding* because on Dartmoor one needs to stride to cover the distances—and only thus, on foot, in the heart of the moor, can its vast solitude be truly felt. Four or five ponies galloped off in a flurry of hooves as we rattled past. Where had one seen that sort of scene before? *Wells Fargo*? *Union Pacific*? *The Arizona Kid*? There was a distinct Wild West flavour about the whole thing.

Especially on the first train down in the mornings, when gates were apt to be left open, the driver and fireman had to keep their eyes peeled. One morning that very week there had been nine ponies on the line.

"Course we stop and get 'em off," the driver said. "Never hit even a sheep if we can help it. Life's sweet to me, and it's sweet to them, too—that's the way I look at it." Snow, mists so thick you couldn't see the line, half-wild ponies and errant sheep were all in the day's work to Driver Gough, who'd been up and down this line, five trips a day (excepting Sundays) for the last twenty-odd years. But both Gough and his fireman, Frank Parker, were moormen by adoption rather than by birth. "The other



The Wild West in England. Jack Warne, a

two firemen now," said Parker. "They're real Dartmoor chaps. My mate now, do you know he's never even seen an elephant . . . ?"

But on this matter of Dartmoor, there was a division of opinion in the cab. Driver Gough had eight years still to go before retirement. If the Princetown line shut down, his seniority would qualify him for the London—Plymouth run. But to Gough the pull of Dartmoor was stronger than the glamour of any crack express. He was well content to spend yet another eight years snaking slowly up and down the moor, with his warders' wives and ticket-of-leave men and food consignments for the Prison and, in summer, rucksacked hikers and sightseers.

He Misses The Cricket

"You see, I was brought up in a little village," he explained. "I like to be out in the country. County cricket now, that's the thing I do miss. Jack Hobbs. I saw him at Lord's. . . ."

His fireman exploded: "Country! But this isn't country now, is it? Not what you could call real country. More like a wilderness this is. And Princetown! I'm sick of Princetown. A terrible place. They can have their Devon that like it. A trip to Southsea once in a while—that will do me."

Gough chuckled. "He wants the line to shut down so he can get back to Reading," he said.

The line has three stations and three halts. Two of the halts are just wooden platforms, with name signs, planted down in the middle of the empty moor. As we steamed round the bend to Ingra Tor, I spotted a girl climbing up towards the track on a path through the heather. She reached the platform at about the

Jim Endacott brings home peat for his wife. As the Duchy's Reeve he polices the moor, watching for fire and for animals trapped in the bogland



"range-clearer," rounds up cattle from the moorland firing ranges used by the army and navy. Weapons have been tested there ever since the Crimean War

same time as the train, bought a ticket from the guard's van and got into our coach.

Her name was Pat French and she was a farmer's daughter going into Princetown to do the shopping. As the line swung round again, she pointed out to me the grey farmhouse, way down in the valley, from which she had climbed. "I'm one of the train's regulars," she said. "The guard has a special ticket-box for me."

View Of The Lighthouses

Far off, down over the edge of the dark mass of the moor, a long sliver of water glinted in the sun. It was the Tamar. The hills beyond were Cornwall. From King Tor, they said, you could see the breakwater at Plymouth—and, at night, the lighthouses, flashing out in the sea.

The Frenchs' black-faced Scots sheep browsed in the heather close to the line. A wall built of rough granite blocks made a great circle round the gently sloping hillside, enclosing a rough circle of moor. This, I was to learn, was what the moormen call a "newtake"—and the "newtakes" on the moor, like the commons in the villages, are among the basic economic institutions of these parts. They are "new" only on a strictly Dartmoor scale of time-values. The word just means that somehow, some time—and probably a pretty long time ago—an enterprising moorman or Duchy official managed, more or less on the quiet, to get away with enclosing a tract of moor for private use.

These "newtakes" are, in effect, the only "farms" on the moor itself. The rest is a vast roaming ground for thousands of sheep, cattle and ponies belonging to hundreds of farmers in the surrounding villages.

The moor was strewn with stones. They lay

scattered about the slopes like great dark crumbs fallen from some Cyclopean table. But here, just a little beyond the railway track, was something different—rough slabs of stone, planted edge upwards, sticking up from the heather, pockmarking the moor.

"Hut circles," said the farmer's daughter, noticing my interest. "There are lots of them round here."

Indeed there were. The Gothic script, denoting objects of archaeological interest, positively peppered my Ordnance map of the moor . . . stone circles, hut circles, pounds, cromlechs and kistvaens and cists and cairns, stone rows and menhirs—those dramatic obelisk-like tall standing stones—and clapper bridges, formed from great slabs of granite, thrown—Heaven knows how!—across the streams. For some of these works of primitive man, the archaeologists had their explanations fairly pat; others, one was glad to see, left them baffled.

A Gaunt And Ugly Town

I leaned out of the window. The train was swinging round again now. The fireman grinned across at me from the cab, waving a hand comprehensively upwards and onwards. This was a hospitable line. "Going round King Tor now," he shouted into the wind.

There was no one on the platform at King Tor Halt. Eight minutes later we steamed into Princetown Station without incident—and on time.

There is one inevitable adjective for Princetown: ugly. Not merely gaunt with the gauntness of the moor, but ugly with what almost

seems to be a perverse and deliberate ugliness. The prevailing colour is dark grey—a dampish dark grey which seems to have seeped over the town from the huge granite blocks of the Prison.

The Prison brought Princetown into existence; the Prison keeps it in existence. Nearly all its population is in some way parasitic upon it: warders' wives and families, shopkeepers and publicans, railwaymen and post office men. It is the Prison that brings the tourists, too. The only thing in doubt—looking at the unlovely face of Princetown—is on which side of that famous gateway the prisoners lie.

Conan Doyle Stayed There

The town straggles along a long street, dipping in the middle, rising at each end on to the moor. Two pubs close one end of it; the white-washed Duchy Hotel—where Conan Doyle stayed while writing *The Hound Of The Baskervilles*—was converted to prison officers' quarters after the war. The two or three cafés come into their own in the summer months, when parked motor-coaches line the hill; Pop Bowden's Gift Shop makes the best of both worlds, mixing cornflakes and groceries with plaster pixies and picture postcards.

There is the usual war memorial, on a fragmentary green, and the post office, and another pub, and some dark grey houses, and then the road rises, past the dark granite tower of the parish church, built more than a century ago by American and French prisoners of war, and an equally gaunt granite prison staff tenement block, to the bend at the top where the "Danger: Work Parties" board heralds the approach of the Prison itself, its tremendous

Continued on page 39

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP



John Heseltine

She was a Crow Indian ; he could not even remember her name, but she had saved his life. One thing he had to know. "Why did you come?" he said

Journal of adventure

by DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

The Indian girl had found him, half-dead and delirious. All through that terrible winter she nursed him. It was a debt he had to repay

WHEN he had done everything he could to prepare the shallow cave under the roots of the fallen pine for winter, when he had made every effort to save his own life, he faced the fact that he might fail. But he could not bear the thought that he might be only unnamed bones when someone found him, years hence. A man has identity, and he would save that even if he could not save his life.

He had set and splinted his broken leg as best he could; he had shot his crippled horse and salvaged as much meat as he could carry while crawling. He had even hung a part of the horse's hide to dry and stiffen where he could reach it. Anyway, he could reach it if he did not become completely helpless.

He had dragged tree branches for firewood close to his shallow shelter; and he had planned how, after snow came, he would burn a part of the tree so as to make the cave deeper.

But he was not at all sure he could live through the winter.

So he got out the blank book that, with higher spirits, he had entitled *Journal Of Adventure*. If the book were found with his body or his bones by some Indian—who would think it was medicine or magic—it would be left to rot. But if a wandering white man came upon the book, he would read it, or else take it to someone who could. The book would let it be known that the man who had died there had had a name and once had had a future.

He propped himself up and wrote on a blank page:

"November—1868. I am Edward Morgan, age twenty. Was travelling with a party of friendly Crows when attacked by Cheyenne. Got separated and in crossing this creek my horse fell on me, breaking his leg and mine. I have done the best I could. Please notify. . . ."

He crossed out the last two words. They were too brutal. He had been about to write: *Please notify Miss Victoria Willis that Edward Morgan will not return to marry her because he died of starvation and cold under the roots of a tree somewhere in Montana Territory*. No, he could be gentler than that. He thought for a time with his eyes closed, and then he wrote:

"I, Edward Morgan, being sound in mind but in danger of death, do hereby give, devise and bequeath to Victoria Willis, East Waterford, Vermont, all the goods and property, real and personal, of which I die possessed, including my books. There being no witnesses because I am alone in the mountains, I sign myself, Edward Morgan. This is my last will and testament."

If someone found the book with the will in it, perhaps the book would go to Vicky with his property. Then she could read the journal that began with his departure for the West and mentioned every letter he had received from her in the year and a half he had been away. So there was no reason for writing that he loved



They came up, laughing and chattering: Elizabeth, his daughter, and Victoria, the girl he had once promised to marry

her. There was no need for a message like that, to be seen by strangers.

He leafed through the journal. So much of it was still blank pages, like his life. He had expected to finish his college education and to become a teacher of Latin and Greek, and he had expected to marry Vicky.

If he ever got home again, he would be content to chronicle the small events of tranquillity. But now he wrote what he thought would be the last entry in the *Journal Of Adventure*:

"Farewell, Adventure! Thou'rt a fickle jade."

THAT was a gallant flourish, he thought, though it did not sound much like Edward Morgan. Yet while he was dying, if he did die, he was not going to keep a record of horror for Vicky to read if she ever saw the book.

But before he closed the journal, he had to send her one more message: "Vicky, I tried to come back to you." Then he leaned back with his eyes closed. There was nothing now to write. Henceforth he had only to endure. . . .

He had found adventure in three or four gold camps, though he reached them a little too late for the gold. It was planned adventure, and he preferred to stay on the side-lines—an observer, not a partaker.

He joined a village of Crow Indians because

he wanted to see how Indians lived and the Crows were friendly. He had money enough to buy impressive presents for them, so they were willing to have his company. He was hardy and adaptable, but theirs was not a life he would have cared to live for very long. Many of their customs shocked him, and he did not learn their language well enough to talk just for the pleasure of conversation.

His curiosity satisfied, he had decided to leave the Indians and he was riding with half a dozen of the men toward the nearest trading post when his whole life changed. The party of Crows was ambushed and attacked by a larger party of Cheyenne. The Crows and Edward Morgan rode for their lives. He was separated from them in broken, wooded country.

This will be something to tell Vicky, he thought, just as his horse, plunging across a creek, fell.

His horse lunged half a dozen times before it got up. Each time the animal fell back on him. Edward Morgan groaned and thought he might faint.

When the horse at last staggered to its feet, trembling and blowing, Morgan pulled himself out of the icy water and knew that his left leg was broken.

At first, he thought that in spite of the pain he might manage to mount and ride to find the Crows. But the horse had a broken leg, too. Neither of them could travel. He immediately faced the fact that he would have to spend the winter in that place.

There was a shallow shelter, a crumbling cave, under the roots of a great fallen pine. He stared at the shelter and recalled a Bible quotation: "*Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.*" There might never be any mourners for Edward Morgan.

He did the best he could for his injured leg; for splints he used straight branches that he had padded with moss and creeping vines, and then he had tied them snugly with a rope he had carried on his saddle. Night was falling then, so he built a frugal fire, not daring to waste wood, for what he could reach must last a long time.

He warmed himself and ate some pemmican from his saddlebags. After making sure the horse could not hobble away, he slept fitfully in the cave until dawn came.

That day he had a great deal of work to do. He crawled to where the horse stood and with great effort he got the saddle off. Then he shot the horse in the head and set about skinning as much of it as possible. He would need the hide to hang in front of the shelter; it would keep out some of the snow that would come later. Some of the hide he cut into smaller pieces, which he might need for purposes he had not yet figured out.

All this he did hastily, awkwardly, in pain. The hide would be useful, but the meat would

Continued on page 33

Seven men are saved by a fisherman's instinct

WILLIAM IMLACH, the fresh-complexioned Scots trawlerman, spoke once more into the radio-telephone: "Loch Awe calling Caronia. Caronia, this is Loch Awe calling. Can you hear me, Caronia? Come in, Caronia. Over." The little seine netter from Lossiemouth, adrift off the Scottish coast south of Wick, with her nets caught round her propeller, did not reply.

Imlach returned to his bridge, briefly studied the torn, heaving sea, then set a new course. He felt sure that he had passed the drifting fishing vessel somewhere behind the grey scum which merged with the sky and sea. He must try to get back to the position he was in at one o'clock, when the Caronia had last given a bearing and said she was in a bad way. From there he could start to search for her again.

Skipper Imlach would not have been blamed had he abandoned the search there and then, and just fought to save his own ship. For all he knew, the Caronia's sudden radio silence might have meant that she had gone down.

By this time, in the early afternoon of January 31 last year, the North Sea was scattered with ships twice and four times the size of the Loch Awe, each unable to do more than seek safety from the terrible onslaught of the storm. Other trawlers were saving themselves by yielding to the seas and being blown miles down-wind. A few fought or tried to compromise with the turmoil of wind and water and were overwhelmed. In the North Channel between Stranraer and Larne, the ferry ship Princess Victoria capsized with the loss of 133 lives.

Near the Wash, the powerful ocean rescue tug, Englishman, gave up trying to retrieve a line broken from an unmanned oil tanker which she had been towing, and ran for the Humber to land two badly injured men and report another man lost overboard. It was no weather for a small trawler to be daring to make headway.

Could Not Fix Position

On paper, Skipper Imlach's problem was simple. With her distress call at 8 a.m., the Caronia had given her position. All the paper navigator would have to do was to mark that position on a chart, assess the wind surface of the Caronia, and draw in the distance that the prevailing winds and tides would have carried the ship. He would then have fixed the Loch Awe's present position from his compass course and the distance run from his last known position. With the two vessels pin-pointed on the chart, he would have sailed along the straight line joining them.

But for several reasons, Skipper Imlach could not calculate mathematically either his own or the Caronia's position. Firstly, the Loch Awe's patent log—a nautical milometer—had long since been torn from her taffrail. Secondly, it had been impossible all morning to take a reliable bearing on the compass, swaying and jolting on its gimbals. Thirdly, even the

The trawler's skipper needed no instruments to help him to navigate—his seaman's sixth sense was guiding him to the stricken ship. And not even a hurricane was going to prevent him reaching her

strongest man could not have been steering a perfect course. No steering engine took the strain of the Loch Awe's rudder movements. The wheel had to be fought by sheer muscle as the giant seas swung the trawler wildly from side to side.

And even if Imlach had been able to steer scientifically to the Caronia, with a permitted error of only a few hundred yards, he would still have missed the fishing boat behind the low, dragging sky, the spray and the huge waves.

Swung Wildly On Course

As his ship drove into the great seas, Skipper Imlach could merely sense the headway she was making, and only the resolution and unity of the master and his crew drove the Loch Awe along. At the wheel, the deckhand watched her like a boxer anticipating an opponent's blows, trying to meet each wild, soaring swing and to hold her as near as possible to the course the skipper had set.

A sea crashed on the ship, snapped away an engine room ventilator and half flooded the stokehold where men were working at the furnaces. The same sea carried away the galley skylight and deluged other men; they merely cursed and went on working.

Unflurried, intent, Imlach concentrated on the great, grey waves around him. He knew the waters north of Scotland and in the North Sea as no one but a fisherman could know them. Every contour of the sea bed was as familiar to him as the threshold of his own house, every tidal movement clear in his memory. These waters were his work-place, and now, as he drove his ship at the huge seas, his speed adjusted to their force, he shaped a course almost instinctively, from the knowledge absorbed into his very bones in more than forty years of fishing.

Imlach had the coastal navigator's extra sense, which brings a man to the bridge from deep sleep, knowing that his ship is off her course. When a man is a true seaman he lives

with his ship, becomes part of her. When a sea strikes her, it is he who is buffeted; when a careless hand on the wheel lets a ship fall off her course, she warns her master, if he is a true seaman, by every sound she makes.

Now, in his mind's eye, Imlach could see the smaller vessel being blown and hurled by this wind, the sea and the distorted tides. He could feel what this storm was doing to the tides, and so how they would be taking the Caronia. He was reckoning, without calculating, the drift of the Caronia trailing her gear in the water.

At three o'clock that afternoon, Skipper Imlach knew he was back where he had been when he lost contact with the Caronia. He knew the seine netter was somewhere near. He scarcely hesitated in giving the new course.

Suddenly the scum lifted. The sea came away from the sky and showed the banked and tumbling crests of the huge waves. The trawler rose high, and the men in her wheelhouse could see for miles over the lifting water.

They cried out simultaneously. "There—there she is."

Not three-quarters of a mile distant, and over the trawler's stem, lay the Caronia. Skipper Imlach had known she would be there.

Suddenly, he went faint. He sweated like a sick man. He gripped the front of the wheelhouse to hold himself up. His heart thumped heavily. He heard the mate beside him and the man at the wheel speak, and he fought down the faintness.

Slowly he recovered himself, somewhat awed by this reaction to the hours of concentration of mind and body.

As his ship came nearer to the smaller craft, Imlach saw there was no hope of bringing her home. She was listing heavily to port and was down by the stern. She had been swept clear of everything movable. The wheelhouse, where her radio had been, hung over her side. Her hatch covers were gone and she looked filled to the coamings. Seven men were crawling to reach the higher rail and wave to the trawler. They dared not stand upright, for almost every sea swept over them.

It was obvious that no boat could possibly be sent to bring off the men. Imlach's only course was to take the trawler alongside and haul the Caronia's crew on board.

Risked Crushing Wreck

With the trawler being raised on waves forty feet high, Imlach faced a delicate task. He had been in a rescue attempt before, and had seen the rescuing ship crush and sink the vessel she tried to save. Now he steamed slowly past the Caronia, downwind of her, and set his ship's stern ahead of the smaller craft's bows. The Caronia lay across the seas, and as she drifted and was flung past his own ship's stern, Imlach rang his engines to slow astern. The trawler moved astern, shipping a mass of water, but



ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTON

Suddenly the scum cleared: across the gigantic waves, Imlach saw the Caronia. The reaction at finding her there made him sweat like a sick man

bringing her stern at a slant into the next sea and clear of the fishing boat.

As his ship overlapped the smaller craft by half her length, the skipper stopped engines and then, as gently as a mother lifting a child, the trawler laid alongside the Caronia. As the ships touched, the seven men leaped on board the trawler.

Skipper Imlach rang his engines to full ahead and ordered the wheel hard to port. His fear now was that the Caronia might rise above his trawler and fall on her.

The fishing boat shot up on a wave, and the trawler rolled towards her. For a moment the Loch Awe lay almost under the other craft. The Caronia fell as the trawler rose, and Skipper Imlach saw the curved top of his fore-trawl gallows sink into the wooden hull. The Caronia fell away, her bilge torn where the steel gallows had ripped planks. Then the Loch Awe was swinging to port to the thrust of her propeller and the angle of her rudder. She was clear.

Skipper Imlach said: "Amidships," and she headed down-wind. The seine netter's crew watched the last of their little ship, then climbed to the bridge to thank the trawler's skipper.

"How did you find us, Skipper?" they asked. Bill Imlach laughed softly. "We'd better go

and radio that you are safe," he said. He could not have answered them anyhow. . . .

Farther south, fifty miles east of the River Tyne, the Swedish steamer, Selene, was sailing into danger with a cargo of pit props. The wind here blew at what her captain, C. H. Phalen, reckoned to be fully hurricane speed, nearly one hundred miles an hour. The shallow sea was roused to a fury and formation which the thick-shouldered master had never experienced in twenty-five years at sea, even in a typhoon.

Cargo Buried By Water

He reckoned the waves to be at least forty feet high, some higher, and unlike the widely spaced ocean waves, they came close upon each other, falling on the sixty-year-old ship with booming explosions, giving her no chance to recover. At times, the Selene's deck cargo of pit props was completely hidden. Then the ship emerged and water poured over the edges of the stacked logs. It was weather to awe the bravest.

At noon, the watch on deck had been relieved and the nine men coming off duty ate their midday meal in the galley amidships, then chose their moment to run forward across the stacked cargo to their quarters in the bows. Soon after

they had gone below, the wind dropped. For a minute there was peacefulness. Noises that had been lost in the roar of the wind could now be heard: the beat of the ship's engines, the splash from a discharge pipe, the rattle of mast-stays. The seas rose almost lazily, as though they, too, were weary of the game. The lull had an unnatural quality.

Then the wind came from the north. A wave swelled out on the starboard side. It towered above its fellows, the fabulous wave of sailors' stories. The men on the Selene's bridge looked up and did not believe they would survive the coming blow. Its crest white-frothed, its curved side thick-veined with sand-dirtied scum, the wave seemed to hang and look down upon its victim.

The steamer, already sluggish with the extra weight of water soaked into her deck cargo, yielded to the first pressure, laying over almost on her side. A seaman in the wheelhouse saw his mate at the wheel slide downward, and he half slipped, half ran to grip the spokes and help to hold the ship's head into the danger. The master and his two officers could hardly prevent themselves from being flung downward.

Then the wave was upon them and they were part of it. It did not strike the steamer, it



In Aberdeen, Campbell admires the silver medal given to his rescuer, Imlach. The award was from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society for "skill and gallantry" in saving the Caronia's crew

consumed her. She disappeared into its greyish-brown mass. Water spurted and frothed round the edges of the tightly closed wheelhouse windows. No man in that small compartment expected to emerge. The two men at the wheel were half lying on the wooden deck, gripping the wheel spokes desperately. Only the Selene's bridge, masts and funnel showed above the water.

Then, amazingly, she flung to starboard. Steel wire stays supporting her masts snapped and the wind held them out like banners. She jolted upright, water cascading from the edges of her stacked cargo. Captain Phalen called the order to bring the ship's head into the next, lesser sea. He looked to port and saw the giant wave moving away. He had an impulse to pray. His ship was still sound. She was responding and coming round to face the storm.

Captain Phalen looked at his deck. The cargo lashings were still taut across the pit props, but the mass of timber, stacked eight feet high above the bulwark rails, had shifted and the ship was listing about fifteen degrees to starboard.

Steel Bulwarks Buckled

The pit props overhung the bulwark rails, and part of the fence of upright poles which held the logs in place on the starboard side, had snapped or bent outward. Many hundreds of logs, each one weighing some two hundredweight, hung solely on the wire lashings. The steel bulwarks on the after deck had buckled and bent outward under the great weight.

Captain Phalen considered whether the list and the shifting of his cargo would reach a point dangerous enough for him to have to jettison the logs. The danger in listing comes mostly from the sea entering the hatches and doorways. But it is no unusual sight at sea to find a timber-carrying vessel moving with what would appear to a landsman to be a dangerous

list. A load of round, twelve-foot logs can never be perfectly stowed on deck, and the rolling of a ship in a seaway is bound to work the logs one way or the other. No seaman used to deck cargoes of timber is frightened by a list of ten or even fifteen degrees.

Now the Selene's list did not alarm Captain Phalen or his crew. If it increased, they would sacrifice the deck cargo by striking away the slip-hooks on the wire lashings, and let the pit props roll over the side. The master held his ship more into the weather and went ahead at reduced speed, nursing ship and cargo. From the high wheelhouse, he saw the mass of pit props move to each heavy roll, working against each other. He left the wheelhouse to inspect the load on his after deck, and saw how it hung beyond the bulwark.

It was nearly two o'clock. The wind was right round to the north now, and its force was tremendous. Captain Phalen did not like the way the deck cargo was moving and the list to starboard increasing. He had to climb upward, or half slide downward when he moved from side to side of the wheelhouse.

Suddenly, the ship rolled more heavily than before. The seaman steering exclaimed in alarm and tugged powerfully on the wheel spokes. They would not move. He looked at the master; Captain Phalen knew what had happened. The shifting cargo was pressing the steel bulwarks over, and the steering rods, which transmitted the movement of the wheel from the steering engine to the rudder, were jammed.

The captain at once rang "dead slow astern" to prevent the ship drifting with the wind. She now lay to windward of the Dogger Bank: over that shallow patch, the broken water would surely finish her.

Phalen then gave the order to jettison the deck cargo. The young German second mate told a seaman to call out the nine men who

were off watch in their quarters in the bows, to lend a hand. But almost immediately he countermanded the order. One glance at the deck had convinced both Phalen and the second officer that no man could possibly go forward or come aft over those grinding, shifting logs. The men in the bows were trapped.

The deck officers held a brief consultation, and the second mate offered to try to free the deck cargo himself. He tied a life-line round his waist, pushed a hammer under his belt and climbed over the edge of the bridge on to the cargo derrick, a thick, rounded and painted spar hinged at one end to the mast and lashed at the other into a metal crutch close against the bridge. Lying along the smooth spar, he hauled himself slowly over the cargo. On the bridge, two seamen paid out the line to his waist.

Hammered Lashings Away

A sea broke across the ship. The officer clung on as the rushing wave tore at him, then spat out salt water and went on. A foot or so below him, the logs groaned and ground together and gaps opened between them.

He reached the first wire lashing and hung down and hammered at a metal ring fitted over the slip-hook. His blows worked the ring along the metal clip and off it; the clip opened and the two ends of wire fell apart. The officer moved on, belly down and legs and arms embracing the spar, to the next lashing.

It took him more than an hour to free the four lashings on the cargo between the bridge and the fore-mast. Beyond there he dared not go. He returned to the bridge exhausted, his arms sore, his clothes a wet skin over his body. Meanwhile, another young seaman struck away the lashings on the after deck cargo.

Only the upright poles remaining round the bulwarks held the pit props on board now. Astoundingly, they did not go overboard. Heavy with water and partially locked together, they withstood the ship's violent movement. What should have been a means of saving the vessel became an additional danger. Some of the twelve-foot logs which could not get away smashed into the ship. Captain Phalen watched ventilators crumbling, handrails tearing from their bolts, stays parting. Logs drove aft and flattened and tore away the skylight and the companion canopy over the master's quarters.

Flails Swept The Cargo

One mass of pit props snapped the thick derrick along which the German officer had crawled. The two parts became twenty-foot flails, sweeping back and forth over the cargo. By now, the ship's list had increased to forty degrees. Captain Phalen knew that water was pouring into his quarters. Soon, the weight of the pit props would tear away the rivets in the hull itself. The ship's movements got sluggish. The seas mounted her more easily.

Darkness came, and the men on the bridge rigged up an aerial to replace one carried away. At 5.20 p.m. the Selene, still fifty miles from land, sent out an S O S. At six o'clock, a sea smashed the top of the wireless cabin on the bridge and ruined the instruments. It carried away one side of the bridge deck and half the master's sea cabin. It flooded the electric generators and every light went out.

The Selene struggled in darkness, rudderless and alone. Only her engines still lived. The men waited for the end.

Through the long night and the next morning, the Selene fought a lone battle with the storm. Roaring masses of water constantly swept her. The waves sent loose logs careering over her decks and carried many of them overboard. The ship rolled sickeningly, and the men grew weary with the violence of her movement.

The Selene had been fifty miles due east of the Tyne when the shifting pit props jammed

Continued on page 36

A thing to love

by *ELSPETH HUXLEY*

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

The terrorists were here in the forest. So was Sam, waiting for them with his ragged little army. But it wasn't the rank and file he wanted: it was Gitau

IN A KENYA MISSION CHURCH one man lay dying and another was being tortured. The dying man was Zacharias, a native priest. His calmness gave Matthew Kimani, an African district officer, strength to withstand the torture inflicted by Gitau and his Mau Mau gang . . . to keep on refusing to eat their oath.

The Mission was run by a devout Scot, Stephen Macalister, and his wife. They were assisted by Pat Foxley, a young Kenya-born teacher. A few days earlier, her parents had been killed when terrorists attacked their farm. Sam Gibson, a temporary district officer who had been helping Matthew, was in love with her.

The Mau Mau campaign was rising to a crescendo of violence. But the Europeans still showed no signs of leaving Kenya. Attacks on them, and on the Kikuyu who opposed Mau Mau, became daily fiercer and more barbarous.

Matthew had seen nothing of the Macalisters, or Pat Foxley, as Gitau's men dragged him into the church. He thought they had been killed in the attack. Zacharias had been the only familiar figure. . . .

And now the priest pitched forward into final unconsciousness, dragging a lamp from the altar. In a second, flames lapped over the altar hangings, spreading too quickly to be extinguished. Gitau shouted rapid orders and the prisoners were roped together, a helpless cluster in the blazing church.

As the terrorists left them, a flaming rafter crashed from the roof and a woman wailed—but Matthew shouted exultantly. For, in the brief moment before Gitau slammed the door, he had seen the headlights of a car climbing the hill.

"God has heard us; we are saved," he cried.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Into The Forest

"**T**HE mystery is, why they didn't kill us all outright," Pat said. Gitau's men had surprised the three of them as they'd sat over tea just before going to bed, and then tied them up and ransacked the bungalow. They'd expected every instant to be hacked to death, while round them they heard cries, screams, commands.

The Macalisters' children, in bed in the adjoining room, called out in terror to their helpless parents, who could only strain against their bonds.

The Macalisters, delivered from peril, had thanked God for a miracle, but Sam Gibson, who'd come in the police car followed by a lorry-load of askaris, suggested they should thank the Home Guard, who he considered had emerged with credit from their first important test. Those Kikuyu manning the post he'd

Sam heard a rustle, and a voice speaking in Kikuyu. He peered through the branches. The gangsters were walking right into the ambush



started near the Mission had sent up rockets, and these had been seen at Sunguru.

It was true that the Home Guard hadn't tried to defend the Mission, but in such a case that was impossible; their job was to summon help promptly, which they'd done in time for the gang to be surprised with their work not half completed, and for most of the lives in the Mission to be saved.

The little room was full of reprieved people. Matthew lay on the sofa on his stomach with a towel over his seared back, his face buried in one arm, quite motionless. Mrs. Macalister had given him brandy but left the burns alone, for they were best dealt with in hospital, and Sam was only waiting for the police car to take him there when it returned from alerting the farthest Home Guard post.

"What are your chances, Mr. Gibson, of catching this gang?" asked Stephen Macalister.

"What are anyone's chances in the dark along these ridges? We're calling out all the Home Guard. They may be lucky and catch a few, but most of the gang are bound to get away into the forest, I'm afraid."

"And then?"

"We shall go after them at first light. We'll do our best. There's bound to be a lot of luck in it."

"What's become of Zacharias?" Ruth Macalister asked suddenly.

"Aye, where will he be?" said Stephen. "I don't recall seeing him."

Matthew slowly lifted his head. "I can tell you what has become of Zacharias," he said.

He told his story slowly, with many pauses, for the blisters on his back were now an unremitting agony, and, in his exhaustion, he sometimes had to pause to search for the right English word. He told them of the end of Zacharias and of his own salvation: of his failure, of the strength that had come when he most needed it and of the miracle that had been wrought by Zacharias's dying hand.

"The ashes of Zacharias are in the church," he ended, "but I think his soul is with God."

For some time no one spoke, and then Stephen Macalister said:

"We will pray for the soul of our departed brother."

They bent their heads and he led them in prayer, which Sam felt to be superfluous; sinners no doubt needed intercession but not, surely, martyrs like Zacharias.

SAM had been watching Pat. During Matthew's story, and now while the prayer was being said, he seemed to observe an alteration in her face. The despair and exhaustion he'd seen after her parents' murder, the gruelling fear of that same evening—those expressions were giving way to a look of serenity. He guessed that she was passing through some experience he couldn't share, some irreversible change, like a rearrangement of atoms.

She walked across to Matthew and wiped his dark and glistening face with her handkerchief. Then she fetched him a cup of tea from a tray that had been brought in by Ruth Macalister. He gulped it down gratefully.

Sam got quickly to his feet. "The police car will be back any minute," he said. "Mr. Macalister, could we find a stretcher to get Matthew out, do you think?"

Macalister went to find one, and Sam looked across at Pat. "I'll see you tomorrow," he said. "Of course, there'll be a guard on all night."

He might as well have addressed a cloud. Too much, too quickly, has bludgeoned her into a trance, he thought; if the weight of the world becomes too heavy, there are some who can float off into space. As for himself, he felt earthbound and clod-footed. He said good night, and heard the police car returning.

By a stroke of luck, Sam had found among his Home Guards a middle-aged man who for many years had been employed as a tracker by



Pat's voice was flat and cold. "It's no good our going on like this," she said. "I don't think we'd better

a firm which organized safaris for rich sportsmen. Sam was reasonably sure of his loyalty; he'd joined for motives of revenge, which seemed the most reliable, after the massacre of a son and the son's family.

The tracker made a good start, picking up the trail in the bracken belt and tracing it across the forest boundary. The gang had followed a narrow, overgrown path. Sam could see no signs of its passage; but a bent stalk, some misplaced grains of earth and a bruised leaf told the story to the tracker's eyes.

Behind him filed a small contingent of the Home Guard. The men wore an extraordinary assortment of rags and tatters; old army coats, old shredded trousers, old battered hats. They looked like a collection of dim-witted gutterboys going off to pick over dustbins and refuse

dumps, but Sam's respect and affection for them was growing. Merely by enlisting, every man invited death in its stickiest form.

THEY halted on the edge of the forest to keep their rendezvous with the army. It was now fully light. Below them, smoke was rising like mist from the thatch of innumerable huts. Sam felt hungry, alert and full of vigour. Somewhere in that dark, dense forest were the gangsters, and only skill, luck and persistence could hunt them out.

The army was late. But presently it could be heard arriving, heralded by a grinding of gears and roaring of engines. Several jeeps came up a track to the forest's edge. After an interval, booted feet could be heard clumping towards them. It was a patrol of askaris headed



each other again." Sam looked up at her, bewildered. "What have I done? I don't understand"

by a small, terrier-like English officer, a boy of nineteen or twenty. He saluted, and looked with some surprise at Sam's collection of dustbin scavengers. "Are these your men?" he asked.

Sam admitted it. They set off again with the tracker leading, rifles unslung. Heavy feet crashed through the undergrowth, boots slipped on wet, fungus-covered logs.

They reached the bamboos. Long canes rose like Gothic arches to meet in a tracery of green fronds overhead, the light was muted and the colour of *crème de menthe*. Although the air was cold, Sam sweated and his heart thumped as they climbed higher, hoping to stumble on some sign of the gang.

At last they broke cover on to a shoulder of boggy moorland where giant, heath-like bushes

grew over rocks and rivulets. The ground was tussocky and made hard going, the air was keen and thin. All about them was a great silence and emptiness, save for the high speck of a buzzard in the dazzling sky. Forlorn, solitary, fascinating country, Sam decided—the birth-place of streams, the haunt of eagles.

"Crikey, what a place!" said the officer. "Might be the backside of the moon for all the life there is. Well, where do we go from here?"

WHEN the men fell out and sat down to eat part of their rations, Sam discovered that the tracker had traversed this country before. "There is a path," the tracker said, "which my father knew. It was the way the Masai came over the mountains to raid our cattle in the days before the white man. Now

it has been forgotten, but I have seen where it goes."

"It is a path which leads down into the Rift, then," Sam observed. "That would be useful to men who wished to raid the farms."

The tracker spat, and wished that he had held his tongue. Now they would have to look for this path, and with all these tramping soldiers they might as well approach an elephant by beating drums.

A spotter aircraft was supposed to find them on this mountain and signal to them if the gang had been sighted. But there was no sign or sound of it.

"Well, let's go on," the young officer said impatiently, and they moved off.

The tracker set a stiff pace, for all his skinny legs and narrow chest. Sometimes he would stop unaccountably, stand rigid and seem to sniff the air, his head a little on one side. After one stop, he said, "Wait here," to Sam, and turned sharply off the path.

"What's up now?" the officer asked irritably. "We can't afford to hang about, you know. I don't want to get my men benighted up here." By now the sun was past the meridian.

A few minutes later they heard a whistle from the direction in which the tracker had gone. Sam felt excitement rise. He found the tracker standing on a rock pointing downwards. At first Sam could see only a lot of thick bush and creepers, a sort of screen of branches. Then he realized that this was not a natural growth.

HE and the tracker leaped down from the rock and found themselves in a rough circle of brushwood shelters built under and round the overhanging tree. A heap of ash and three cooking stoves were in the centre. Under a roof of woven branches protecting the largest of the shelters were neatly stacked piles of blankets and military overcoats, a first-aid box, a Primus stove and cooking pots. A smell of bad meat emanated from some strips of imperfectly cured biltong hanging from the tree.

"They will come back," the tracker said, feeling the ashes with his foot.

"We could lay an ambush," suggested Sam.

"We don't know that they'll come back tonight, do we?" the officer objected. "There are dozens of places like these. They go from one to the other. I must get my chaps back by nightfall, so we've not got much time."

"They could bivouac here," Sam said.

"We can't do that—we've no kit or rations. Besides, my orders are to get back to the transport by an hour before dark. We don't want to run into an ambush ourselves."

Sam said nothing, but thought a lot. Apparently they must let these thugs escape lest the askaris went hungry or caught cold.

"We can destroy the hideout, anyway, and burn their stuff," the officer said.

"Wouldn't it be better to leave it all undisturbed? Then we could come back and surprise them one day when we've got our tinned pineapple and our hot water bottles."

"My orders are to destroy enemy hideouts and strongpoints," the officer replied icily. He gave the necessary instructions. Half an hour later, leaving a heap of ashes, they proceeded downhill.

And so, with a real chance at last of making contact with a forest gang, they had to hurry back in order to be in by lighting-up time. You couldn't blame these National Servicemen from England, Sam supposed; some of them looked on it all as a sort of exercise, and whether they came up with the terrorists or not didn't matter to them much more than it had once mattered to him, when he'd gone out with a gun, whether he brought back a bustard or a guinea-fowl.

These young men hadn't seen Chief Kimani's head smashed to pulp, the seared backs of Matthew or Njombo, the bloody fragments of the

Continued on page 28

Showman who snares the stars

by LEWIS GREIFER

Gorlinsky's tricks wheedle famous performers into working for him. "The personal touch," he says, "does more than money"



FOR TEN DAYS last summer, Sander Gorlinsky, the impresario, tried to persuade Maria Meneghini Callas, leading soprano with Milan's La Scala Opera Company, to come to England to sing the name part in Bellini's opera *Norma*. Callas, acknowledged to be the greatest *Norma* in the world, refused.

She objected to the journey, to the weather, and to the "frigid English audiences." Gorlinsky switched from argument to flattery and cajolery.

"It was a long siege," he recalls. "Day after day I admired her villa, her gardens, her paintings and her taste in clothes and literature. Occasionally we talked business."

Then, one afternoon, the singer came upon Gorlinsky innocently feeding chopped fish to her favourite cat. She softened, and an hour later the contract was signed.

"I'm not particularly fond of cats," says Gorlinsky, "but a concession seemed to be needed. The few lire I spent on that fish was one of the best investments I have ever made."

Russian-born Sander Alexander Gorlinsky is seldom at a loss for a diplomatic gesture. "The only surprising thing about the Callas contract," says Gorlinsky's assistant, Pat Wilson, "is that he didn't invite the cat along too."

Champagne Clinched Deal

Wilson is not exaggerating. The year before, he had brought Tito Gobbi, the Italian singer, to Britain for a tour. During his stay, Gobbi purchased a dog; while he was on tour, Gorlinsky arranged for it to be accommodated in a London hotel, and later flown back to Italy. To persuade Lily Pons and her husband, André Kostelanetz, to visit Britain in 1953, he clinched the deal by offering them two grand-stand seats for the Coronation and a champagne breakfast.

Every year, Gorlinsky backs as many as five hundred song recitals, ballet programmes and symphony concerts. He spends about £25,000 a year with one travel agency, £20,000 on printing and another £20,000 on advertising and publicity. His personal telephone bill for long distance calls comes to nearly £5,000 a year. His black and yellow posters have advertised Eileen Joyce in South America, Lily Pons in Paris, and Sir Malcolm Sargent and Sir John Barbirolli in Milan. One weekend last year he presented twenty concerts in five countries. At the same time he was arranging a world tour for a British ballet company.

Gorlinsky, who likes to describe himself as "one of the old-style impresarios," has a notoriously ready eye for the main chance. He was eating breakfast in his Mayfair flat when he heard a record of the Obernkirchen Children's Choir on *Housewives' Choice*. Half an hour later he was on the phone to Hanover, arranging to present the choir in London and ten provincial towns.

Gamble Cost Him £6,000

The experts were sceptical. Children's choirs are box office poison, they told him, and waited for the inevitable fiasco. In fact, the choir packed London's Festival Hall and drew long queues in the provinces. At Cardiff, 7s. 6d. tickets were changing hands at 15s. each.

A self-assured optimist with a supreme confidence in his own judgment, Gorlinsky has ignored advice before and since, but not always so successfully. In 1952, a gamble on the Don Cossack Choir cost him £6,000. "But this year," he says, "I've had nothing but winners."

Thinning hair, tortoiseshell spectacles and a quiet, detached air give people who meet him the impression of a successful accountant. But

Gorlinsky heard a recording of the children of the Obernkirchen Choir—and at once phoned to Germany and arranged to present them in Britain



Recently, Alicia Markova, the dancer and her partner Milorad Miscovich were given a contract by Gorlinsky. Managers say he pampers his artists



Occasionally, Gorlinsky finds time to walk with his wife near their Surrey home. Once he rang her from Geneva—to say he'd miss dinner

Gorlinsky's casual manner conceals considerable drive and a determination to be recognized as Britain's premier impresario. He works a seven-day week and carries particulars of as many as thirty different deals in his head.

"His office hours are from breakfast to bedtime," says Edith, his Lancashire-born wife. On one of the rare occasions when he was able to dine with her at a London night club, he interrupted his meal to book Anton Karas, the zither player, who was in the floor show, for a Midlands concert.

Manager Forgot To Haggle

"I never start cooking his meal until I hear his footsteps on the stairs," says Edith Gorlinsky. "The last time I prepared a special dish for him, he phoned his apologies—from Geneva."

In a busy month, Gorlinsky reckons to fly about 7,500 miles. His first contact with Gigli and the San Carlo Opera Company was made in war-torn Italy. Gorlinsky slept in bomb-blasted hotels and travelled by mule, jeep and army lorry to get his man. "The manager of the company was so startled to see me that he even forgot to haggle over terms."

Patience is Gorlinsky's strength in his negotiations. "He never argues," says Doris Barry, Markova's manager. "But before you know where you are, you've agreed to do *Les Sylphides* in Tokio when you wanted to do *Swan Lake* in Bradford."

His most ambitious project—bringing over the entire La Scala Opera Company from Milan—involved him in two years of discussions.

"The idea, like many others, came to him in the bath," says Edith Gorlinsky. "When Sander emerged looking like a well-cooked lobster with a gleam in its eye, I knew something was brewing."

In fact, Gorlinsky was contemplating the largest theatrical removal job ever undertaken to Britain. It involved the transfer of three world-famous conductors, six deputy conductors, an orchestra of 110, a chorus of 250, a boys' chorus of forty, together with fitters, dressers, shoe experts and medical staff.

In spite of a few hitches—first a tympanist

was lost at Turin, then the company arrived at Folkestone while the mayor and corporation were waiting to welcome them at Dover—the tour was the sensation of the 1950 opera season.

All the members of Gorlinsky's staff have been infected by his habit of looking at things from the artist's point of view. It can be exasperating at times, but managers admit that it has often averted a crisis. Once, Sir Thomas Beecham arrived at the Empress Hall, in London, to rehearse the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and found that ice had been laid down for the afternoon's skating. "The acoustics are hopeless," he shouted, and stormed out, leaving a crowd of terrified officials behind him.

Gorlinsky, who stood to lose several hundred pounds if the concert fell through, phoned the conductor at his home.

"Everything is going to be all right," he reported later. "After all, you can't expect to put Sir Thomas Beecham on ice."

When Gorlinsky makes one of his rare jokes he delivers it with a poker face. Once, he addressed a letter to Tito Gobbi's dog. "Perhaps it sounds ridiculous now," he says, "but it helped to soften the impact of some unpleasant news."

Less than five years ago, Gorlinsky was almost unknown in musical circles. Today, he turns away a dozen artists a month who want him to promote concert tours for them.

Agent Booked School Band

He was living with well-to-do parents in Berlin when he handled his first commission. He played the banjo in the school jazz band until, one day, the leader suggested that he would be better employed as the orchestra manager—a non-playing manager. Gorlinsky reluctantly agreed. The next day he had a long business talk with a well-known theatrical agent. Two hours later, the school band had its first professional engagement—at Berlin's largest variety theatre.

"My father was the only one unimpressed by my enterprise," says Gorlinsky. "His reaction was to get me a job in a metal factory." But the quick-money habit stuck, and soon

Sander and his brother Abrascha were presenting light entertainment orchestras all over the Continent. When the war came, Abrascha went to the Argentine and Sander to London. For a time, he worked with the Jack Hylton organization, and in 1948 he started on his own.

A major item in his budget is artists' incidentals. Provincial managers accuse him of mollycoddling his clients, but Gorlinsky says that the personal touch is far more important than the terms of a contract.

"Our instructions," say members of his staff, "are first to meet any reasonable requests an artist makes, then to set about meeting the unreasonable ones." Gorlinsky once re-arranged all his schedules because a conductor refused to travel by twin-engined aircraft. Another time, he flew a grand piano to Scotland because a pianist complained that the one in the concert hall had been used to play swing.

But his patience gave out when the Don Cossacks asked for an open carriage drawn by four white horses.

Bath Stunt Angered Him

Gorlinsky's publicity agent, Pip Hindle Briscall, who confesses that it was his idea, says: "Gorlinsky suspected it was a stunt and turned the suggestion down flat. The only other time I have seen him angry was when an over-enthusiastic newspaper photographer wanted to take a picture of Gigli singing in his bath."

Gorlinsky likes to guard his clients' dignity. "Personal feelings apart, it's business," he says. "If once I descend to music hall methods to sell my artists, they'd soon find somebody else to handle them."

After every concert he gets a score of letters, some appreciative, others derogatory. He answers them all. Recently, he received a letter from a refugee, telling him that she loved good music but was too poor to attend his concerts. Could he help?

Gorlinsky's reply was curt and typical. "Dear Madam," he wrote. "If you are hungry I will willingly buy you a meal. As for concerts, unfortunately, my job is to sell tickets, not to give them away."

THE END



DIFFERENT...

for her, AERO—the milk
chocolate that's
different!



BY ROWNTREES

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk
chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

A THING TO LOVE

Continued from page 25

Foxleys. . . . To them these terrorists were just a nasty bunch of wogs, not Gitau, the murderer and sadist, with his gang of desperate and depraved men.

The belt of bamboos ended, and they paused for a short rest at the edge of a glade. The forest here was broken into by these open spaces where the tufty grass was more than waist-high. The ground fell away to a narrow stream and rose again the other side to meet the trees. Sam stood beside the tracker and both caught a movement on the forest's edge beyond the glade. They froze like startled antelope and watched a group of men, twenty or thirty perhaps, emerge in single file and start to cross the glade with long, loping strides. Several carried rifles in their hands. If they kept straight on, they'd walk into the arms of the patrol.

The officer took in the situation instantly, and with a subdued clatter of boots and a rustle of branches all the askaris had disappeared. Sam, crouching behind a clump of bamboos, could see here and there a fleck of sunshine on a black arm, the brim of a felt hat; but he hoped that the sudden plunge from sunshine into green gloom would blind the gangsters for long enough to serve the purpose.

AND then it seemed as if they'd never come. Probably they'd gone straight on up the stream between the two tongues of forest, abandoning the tracker's overgrown path. Just as Sam was going to move off to reconnoitre, he heard a rustle and then a voice speaking Kikuyu. He peered through the branches. The gangsters were walking right into the ambush. A moment later, the forest exploded with shots, shouts, cries, running figures; and, when it was over, four of the gang were on the ground and the rest pelting up the edge of the glade with Sam's men—seven in all—after them.

The officer mustered his men; all were there and only one was wounded, probably by a friend. While his shoulder was being dressed, Sam's scavengers trickled back, chattering and waving their rifles and claiming direct hits. Several of the fleeing gangsters, they swore, were badly wounded and wouldn't survive.

"Those are Gitau's men," said the tracker, after he'd inspected the four corpses in the undergrowth. "It was they who burned the church last night. Gitau's gang has joined Banduki's army. Perhaps Gitau himself is among the wounded."

"Can we follow them?" asked Sam.

"If we follow they will hear, and perhaps they will lie in wait for us," the tracker replied. "There is a better plan. This gang will keep to the bed of the stream, because the forest is too thick to walk through and there are no paths. They will follow the stream. Good! Listen, bwana: this is the same stream as the one which runs close to the rocks where we burned the coats and blankets. It twists and turns, but that is where it comes from. These men will make for that camp we destroyed."

"There are other camps," Sam suggested.

"Didn't you see there was a box of medicines and bandages? If they have wounded men, they will make for that box. And the stove and blankets. Listen again. If we return the way we came—the way Gitau's men were going—we can reach the camp first. And then we can kill them all."

It was a sporting chance. Sam put it to the lieutenant.

"Go back, d'you mean?" the officer asked, astonished.

"To lay a much better ambush."

"Good God, man, it's past three o'clock and I've got one of my men wounded. The problem now is how to get him out."

"Why don't you take him and lend me your sergeant and half a dozen askaris? This is the sort of chance that never comes again."

The lieutenant was indignant. As if

one could borrow troops like half-crowns—and leave the rest vulnerable to attack or ambush. He soon scotched that idea.

There was nearly an open quarrel. Sam ended by saying: "Very well. You've no authority over my Home Guard. I'm taking them back, and you can tell John Chapman to expect me when he sees me. And I hope you'll have a pleasant sing-song at the Naafi."

He regretted the gibe as soon as he'd spoken; the young man was only trying to do his duty, to carry out orders and care for his men. Sam thought bitterly: everything comes before killing these gangsters—the comfort and welfare of the troops, orders, safety. Was that the way you defeated desperate men? What about the safety and welfare of the ordinary civilian? Well, it did no good to snarl.

He collected his dustbin scavengers, who seemed to need no food but were enormously elated by the corpses, and started back in the tracker's wake. They'd all been on the move for eight or nine hours of hard going, but not one flagged. When they began to go uphill again, Sam puffed and panted, his knees were weak, he kept dropping behind until the tracker halted to let him catch up. Beside these weedy Kikuyu who lived on starches he looked muscular and beefy, but he hadn't their stamina—or, if he had, he needed all his will to summon it. Their progress looked effortless.

"Perhaps you'd like to call your motor-car, bwana," the tracker said indulgently, and everyone laughed.

"I should like it very much," Sam agreed.

At last they emerged from the foot-tripping bamboos and stood in sunlight on a higher reach of the little stream. It all looked so vast and desolate that Sam wondered how he'd ever thought it possible to find a handful of men, and why they'd imagined they could pull off an ambush a second time. Now the gangsters would surely be on their guard.

"We must go a little way downstream," the tracker said. They talked in whispers. "We cannot hide ourselves here."

They turned and followed the stream's boggy banks into the darkness of the forest. By now the sun was nearing the crest of the range at their backs and the warmth was fading. By nightfall it would be bitterly cold. The stream, only a yard or two wide, hurried over mud and stones, chattering lightly. Soon it began to dive under roots and bubble over miniature rapids.

They halted by some boulders over which the waters tumbled, and sat down to wait. Sam felt acutely hungry, but there was nothing to eat. Sunlight glinted through the leaves and gradually retreated up the tree-trunks; the sun was sinking; he began to feel that it was all a mug's game. If Gitau's party came, they'd be four to one and they had Sten guns, as well as plenty of rifles; if they didn't come, he and his men would half freeze and half starve for nothing, and probably contract pneumonia as well.

He saw the tracker stiffen and turn his head. A sound came from behind them, up-stream. A splash, and then voices. He and his men subsided silently into the undergrowth. Very slowly, very carefully, the tracker edged his way towards the sounds, Sam at his heels.

THEY reached a place where they could see the stream ahead. A man was lying by it and two others were washing his wounds. The tracker gestured very slightly toward Sam's rifle. Almost imperceptibly, Sam shook his head. No good to set the hornets buzzing for the rank and file. He wanted Gitau.

Then, without warning, confusion broke loose and the hornets were after him. The air whined and shook and the ground by his feet thudded. With a jerk of his body, he rolled sideways down the bank into the icy water and found, to his amazement, that he was alive. A burst of Sten gun fire had straddled them, but for the moment he



was out of sight and in a natural trench, undamaged.

Bent double, he splashed downstream a little way and then forced a way uphill through the undergrowth. Noise didn't matter now, there was plenty of it; his own men were blazing back and the forest echoed with crashes. His notion was to reach a point opposite the rocks where they'd found the hideout; he thought the Sten gun fire had come from there.

Abruptly, the forest ended and he could see the rocks ahead and, on top of them, a man with a gun.

He fired. The man swung round and fired a burst back into the forest just over Sam's head. Then he jumped off the rock and began to run towards the stream. Sam's finger had begun to squeeze the trigger when the runner fell, his neck pierced by a spear.

SAM broke cover and raced to get the gun. But someone else had the same notion. A bearded man with a bandaged leg appeared from nowhere and picked it up while Sam was twenty yards away. Sam saw the muzzle pointed straight at him and dropped to the ground. He expected to hear bullets; but nothing happened, and he realized that the gun had jammed. He aimed his rifle and shot the bearded man through the head.

Later, when they counted casualties, it was the triumphant tracker who, thrusting his recovered spear deep into the stomach of the bearded corpse, said with an infinite contempt: "That is Gitau."

When they reached the edge of the forest, and saw below them the cultivated shambas, five of them lay down in the shade while the sixth and least exhausted continued to the mission to summon aid.

Save for a bar of chocolate and a chunk of cassava root, Sam had had no food for over twenty-four hours. No food, and very little rest; for in spite of their exhaustion, they had slept only in snatches that night. It had been too cold. By the time they'd washed and dressed each other's wounds as best they could—there were two whose wounds needed no attention, since they were dead—night had fallen and they were obliged to stay where they were. The enemy had

vanished—but no one knew for how long, or in which direction.

The barest kind of prudence demanded that they should light no fire, make no sound and lie low. But cold was stronger than prudence. They kept a fire going all night, and huddled round it in their tattered clothing. Sam had been hit in the thigh. It was a flesh wound and, now that it had been bathed and bound up, it had stopped bleeding and only ached. He was lucky, but had lost blood and that, with the cold and the exhaustion, made him rather light-headed.

Now it was morning and they were out of the forest, and Sam lay down and dozed, in spite of his aching leg, until Stephen Macalister drove his dilapidated van to the top of the track to fetch them home.

"Is everyone all right?" Sam asked, thinking of Pat.

"Aye, there's been no more trouble—though we've had our share. There were twelve killed that night. But the Lord in His mercy spared the children, I'm thankful to say."

"And Pat?"

"For a young woman, Pat has a measure of good sense. She made the right decision in coming straight back to work after the death of her parents, and I don't doubt that time and prayer will heal the wounds. You'll be glad to hear that the doctors believe Matthew will recover, with God's help, though he is grievously ill."

"I'm glad of that," Sam said.

His chief anxiety was to see Pat. He had a great deal to tell her, for, as he'd lain by the fire all night, the mists that had for many years hung about his brain had seemed to lift and he had seen many things clearly for the first time.

He had seen himself as he had been when he first came to Africa: a man groping and confused, above all running away. Everything had seemed spent and stale and running down, like an old clock. So he'd decided to put it all behind, and adopt a world not yet drained hollow, devitalized, wasted, by the disease called civilization.

But just lately he'd come to see things differently. Confronted for the first time by life without civilization, he'd realized that, while from outside it might look simple, decent, pure; in



Weetabix will keep them warm *inside*

Keeping them warm all day in winter depends not so much on hot food as on the sort of food they eat. And one of the finest foods for keeping out the cold is delicious golden Weetabix. Summer-ripened wheat; malt; sugar—Weetabix provides natural warmth-giving goodness in its most tempting form. So start each winter's day with Weetabix and help keep the family fighting fit. With hot milk or cold, with marmalade or fried with bacon, it's the warmth *in* Weetabix that counts.

Weetabix

the whole wheat breakfast cereal

FREE SAMPLE AND RECIPE LEAFLET

To Mrs. Marjorie Crisp, Department 3H, Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Nr. Kettering, Northants. Please send me Sample Packet of Weetabix and a copy of "Weetabix Winners"—prizewinning recipes selected by Helen Burke.
Post coupon in an unsealed rfd. stamped envelope.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN.....COUNTY.....

...much neater with **LIGHTNING** zip fronts



Trousers are much neater . . . no doubt about it, when you get a pair with the 'Lightning' zip. So quick, convenient and neat that you'll wonder why you didn't choose 'Lightning' long ago. Today, 'Lightning'-zipped trousers are *practically* a 'must'—a man has only to try a pair to be convinced. Just ask your tailor.



LIGHTNING

the reliable zip



LF. 181
LIGHTNING FASTENERS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM
(A subsidiary company of
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)

truth it was complicated, piteously poor and stunted, without hope for the future. He'd seen that the evils of hatred and fear were too great for any man to escape from, and that virtue and courage were not too hard for any man to attain; and that here lay the dividing line between people, not in their race or faith or class.

All this and more he wished to say to Pat, who, alone of all the women he had known, would take his meaning and share his resolve.

It wasn't going to be so easy as all that, however. There was his wounded leg, now so stiff that he couldn't walk without help. And he was distracted by the absolute deliciousness of the bacon and eggs brought to him by Mrs. Macalister on a tray while he lay on the sofa. He'd never enjoyed a meal so much, and he hoped that the tracker, and the surviving Home Guards, would find their breakfasts as enjoyable. He'd decided to recommend the tracker for the £100 reward placed upon Gitau's head.

It was pleasant to be fussed over by Ruth Macalister, pleasanter still to be welcomed back by Pat. She was thankful to see him, relieved and solicitous, and yet there was something different about her, a new kind of reserve. In a face grown rather more pale, her eyes seemed brighter, larger, more luminous. Or had exhaustion made him fanciful? He hoped so.

At last they were alone for a few minutes while Stephen Macalister went to prepare the van for the journey into Tetu.

"Pat," he said, "will you come here for a moment?" She came across to him and he took her hand.

"There's so much to say and no time to say it now. Will you come and see me in hospital?"

"Yes, of course—if I can get away. You know how difficult it is when things are upside down."

The flatness of her tone, the coldness of her reply, frightened him.

"Don't escape," he said.

"Escape?"

"I had hold of you a little while ago. You're slipping away."

As if to make his metaphor actual, she disengaged her hand.

"Sam, it's no good our going on like this, upsetting each other every time we meet. I didn't want to say this while you were hurt, but you force me to. I don't think we'd better see each other again."

He looked up at her appalled, and all at once the fatigue he'd been fighting seemed to drug his brain, leaving him limp, bewildered, exhausted, his head buzzing.

"What have I done?" he said. "I don't understand."

She frowned, not with annoyance but with bafflement; for how could she explain that such decisions must arise not from what a man did or didn't do but from what he was, and what she was or might become? Only the trivial could be explained. She'd told him before that they belonged to different worlds and he hadn't accepted it.

Too much had happened too recently. Only with a mind whole and single could she stand with those fighting the battle that never ended, and meet the destiny to which it seemed she had been assigned.

SAM tried to speak again, but his voice trailed off; he was too tired; between them lay a tangled web of cross-purposes and behind his closed eyelids rose a picture of that room a day, a century, a moment ago, after the fire, when Matthew had lain on the sofa where Sam now rested.

He saw Pat move across and wipe Matthew's face with her handkerchief. He saw her expression, a softening of all the features, an extraordinary glow. Never, never had she looked at him like that and never would she; not with desire, but compassion; with love not for the man but for the quality, not for the particular but for the absolute. Desperately, clumsily—so much to say and the tongue as heavy as a clapper—he protested.

"You've changed!"

"Circumstances change."

"But I, too . . ." he began, and

Consider your verdict

by
RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



As the result of an unfortunate court case, Mr. Green owed Mr. Brown £3,000 for damages and legal costs. Green was not a wealthy man: his salary was £1,000 a year, he had a wife and three children and he rented his house. Certainly he could not afford to pay the £3,000.

Although he disliked Green, Brown realized that there was no hope of obtaining his money in a lump sum. An agreement was therefore reached between the two men's solicitors that Green would pay Brown £300 a year until the debt was wiped out. Brown promised to take no further action so long as the agreement was kept.

Three years later, Green was horrified to learn that his salary was to be cut to £550 a year, hardly enough to support his family. He would not possibly

be able to make ends meet, as well as keep up his payments to Brown.

When Brown heard of it, he shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not interested in Green's private affairs," he said. "The man has made an agreement, and I intend to see that he keeps it."

Green did not pay his next instalment, and Brown proceeded against him, claiming his £300. "Green was fortunate that I was lenient with him at the start," Brown told the judge. "He has agreed to pay me. I want my money this year—and also in the future; the agreement must be observed."

"I simply cannot give Brown the money," pleaded Green. "All I have is my salary, which is barely sufficient for my needs. However great a man's debts, a court will surely not deprive him of his right to exist."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 34

then the futility of it struck him, the hopeless inadequacy of words.

He wanted to tell her his thoughts of the morning; the birth of a belief, a new resolve; that out of Gitau had come a Matthew; the light from the dark, faith from misery; from mountains of crushed and powdered rock, an enduring nugget.

We are in it together, he wanted to say, and we shall come out battered but safe in the end—you and I, Matthew and the tracker and the Macalisters, John Chapman the D.C. and Roger Wren and the scarred houseboy Njombo, and all the Home Guards, the chiefs and the labourers, the Christians and schoolboys and teachers and farmers who won't in the long run accept the tyranny of fear, the religion of hatred, the code of revenge and the degradation of cruelty—not if we stand fast, not if we can show them the way and the future, and travel side by side.

But all this was too difficult and too obscure. The food, the warmth, the excitement, these had opened the gates to the waters of exhaustion.

"You're looking all in, Sam. You mustn't talk."

Pat's voice came from a long way off, but not too far for him to detect—or was it his imagination?—a note of concern.

"This is peculiar," he said. "You

know, I wanted to ask you to marry me."

"I wouldn't suit you, Sam. I'm not your kind. But thank you, all the same."

A moment later, Stephen Macalister came into the room. "I've backed the van as close as I can get it to the veranda," he said. "Do you think you can manage the steps?" Ruth came and rested his arm on her shoulder on his other side, and with their help he hobbled slowly down the steps and into the van. The tracker came to see him off, full of warm food and remembered triumphs.

"Goodbye, bwana," he said. "Come back soon and we will shoot some more gangsters. It was splendid, wasn't it?—splendid sport! They're easier to shoot than buffaloes." He roared with laughter, and Sam shook his head. "Better than elephants," he added, "but you can't eat them. What a pity they aren't as good to eat as elephants!"

Sam looked round for Pat, but she had disappeared.

"I'm coming back," he said. "You mustn't think you've had the last word."

THE END

"A Thing To Love," by Elspeth Huxley, will be published in book form by Chatto & Windus, on October 11, at 12s. 6d.

Out of this world!

Here comes the most delicious breakfast you *ever* tasted!

From out-of-this-world (perhaps from fairy-land) . . . but in the shops *now*, for every loving mother to buy, for every really normal boy and girl and husband and house-guest and lodger and all to eat and enjoy . . .

Kellogg's wonderful new breakfast! Something to make you sit up, and *eat*. Crisp, crunchy, oven-toasted-with-sugar, heart-of-the-corn *flakes* . . . ready-to-serve, *asking* to be eaten, plateful after plateful after plateful.



NOW! Crisply delicious flakes oven-toasted with sugar!

If you want
to get ahead...



GET A HAT!



At ease
with *Threes*



20 for 3/7



STATE EXPRESS
THREE THREES
CIGARETTES

Apples for
health...so



Bulmer's for me

An apple a day is the first rule of good health. Bulmer's cider is made from the juice of ripe fresh apples; to drink it each day is a pleasant way of keeping fit. When you are tired or thirsty you will be delighted to feel how a glass of Bulmer's refreshes you.

Bulmer's—the most popular cider of all

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

SMELL-KILLERS?
OH, YES, I'VE
TRIED THEM!

BUT NOT AIR-WICK,
I CAN SEE!
NOW LISTEN...



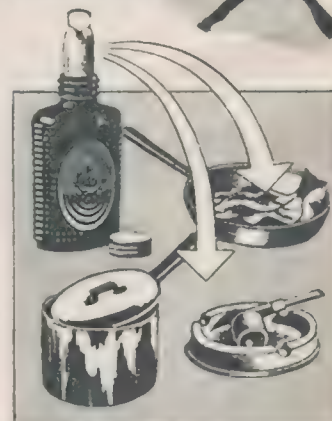
Who knows whose nose
knows best?

YOU may not be aware sometimes of the stale atmosphere and cooking smells that linger in your hall and living-rooms. But visitors *always* notice!

There's one sure way to kill these smells—with Air-wick. Air-wick works on the principle of "odour-pairers."* It is made up of more than 125 natural compounds, and chlorophyll, which singly and together act as "odour-pairers." When you pull up the wick in the Air-wick bottle, these compounds escape into the air, meet a nasty smell, "pair" with it, and kill it dead.

Don't be persuaded to take a substitute for Air-wick. Air-wick is harmless, free from formaldehyde, doesn't affect the membranes of the nose or throat. Air-wick is not a scent, not a disinfectant. Buy a bottle today from your grocer, chemist, ironmonger or household store—only 3/6.

* First established by Zwaardemaker in 1895



Air-wick doesn't just cover up smells—it destroys them. Even the nastiest smells, like the reek of cabbage cooking, are "odour-paired" and killed completely by Air-wick.

Air-wick contains chlorophyll

JOURNAL OF ADVENTURE

Continued from page 19

be life itself to him. He cut some meat into strips as he had seen Indian women do, and he hung it up, hoping it would dry and be preserved. He ate cooked meat that night, lying beside his small fire.

He awoke from restless, pain-shot sleep in the dark night, hearing some animal eating on the horse carcass, and he fired a shot that scared it away from its food.

He did not sleep any more, and at dawn the animal was there again—a mountain lion. He waited with patience and cunning until there was daylight enough and then shot the big cat.

That day had been the worst of all, because his leg hurt so much as a result of the crawling he had done and had to do. He skinned the mountain lion and hauled himself wearily back to the shelter, where he laid the hide fur upward, on the cold, damp earth. He gnawed some raw horsemeat for supper because he was too exhausted to build a fire.

In the morning he awoke to the sound of groaning and found he was making the sound himself. Without moving, he looked up at the dirt roof of his shelter, his long home. Was there reflected light? He turned his head and saw pale sunshine on new snow within arm's reach.

So he need not go thirsty if he became unable to crawl the few feet to the creek. He could eat snow. If winter cold came soon enough, it would make his meat supply last longer—but cold might kill him as he lay there. The air was not really cold that morning, and he noticed, sniffing, that the carcass of the horse was beginning to stink.

He was the loneliest man in the world. He was primitive man in savage wilderness. But primitive man was not alone, he remembered. The Indians lived among unseen beings and told long, frightening stories about them. Most of the spirit beings were cruel; only a few meant well.

Feeling ashamed, but comforting himself with the assurance that nobody would ever know his shame, he made a little sacrifice to the heathen spirits the next time he ate. When he roasted horsemeat on a stick over his small fire, he dropped a bit of the meat into the flames.

That night the cold was cruel. He dreamed of being lost, of trying to escape from danger—wolves, grizzly bears, painted Cheyenne—and of being too slow. Even in sleep he was surrounded by enemies, as waking he was tormented by cold and pain and terror. Sometimes in a dream he moved just fast enough to take refuge in his shelter under the tree roots, only to find that he was trapped there.

When he awoke, it was true. He

was too stiff and pain-racked to move.

He began to think his message to Vicky in the journal was a lie. "I did the best I could." That was brave enough when he wrote it, but an injured man did not have to go on being valiant while slow death approached, not while he had a gun and ammunition.

If whoever came upon his bones found a bullet hole in the skull, Edward Morgan thought, he would have the decency not to mention it in sending the journal on to Vicky. But he was not ready to use a bullet, yet. . . .

Four or five days later he was ready, but by that time he was too sick. His chest was torn with coughing, he was very feverish, and he was quite sure he had pneumonia. He realized that he must be delirious, because once he opened his eyes and saw a horse standing by the creek. A horse that was dead and skinned and partly eaten should not be standing there with its hide on. Edward Morgan was weakly angry at the unreasonable horse.

"Get along, there!" he shouted, and fell back, coughing.

Then Vicky was there. Vicky? Who else would have come? She murmured and reached out, kneeling, to put her hand on his forehead. She built a fire. He peered between his eyelids to see her moving about it.

She gave him soup to drink from a cup of some kind. She tried to make his injured leg more comfortable, but she hurt him and he shouted in anger, trying to strike her away.

Fevered and vastly bewildered, he passed the night in periods of cold and warmth. When he was warm, it was because she was lying beside him, protecting him from winter and death.

Uncounted days later, he knew she was not Vicky. She was a Crow Indian girl whose name he could not even remember. The horse he sometimes saw was the one she had ridden in her search for him after the returning riders told how they had lost him.

He wanted to ask why she had come, but until he got well of his fever he did not dare for fear she might vanish. During his worst sickness, he often woke, panting, trembling like a cobweb, and cried hoarsely for her and reached out—and found her there.

WHEN the pneumonia was mercifully gone, he dared to ask her. He was weak and stinking with sweat; he lay in the shallow cave with the fire roaring in front of it—how many miles had she trudged through snow with loads of firewood on her bent back?—but his head was clear. He could not remember the Crow words for "Why did you come?" so he asked in English.

She murmured something, smiling, and went on with her endless toil. She had even moved the carcasses of the horse and lion off into the woods, salvaging some of the smaller bones for tools and dishes.

In mid-winter, they came close to starvation, but the Indian girl set ingenious traps and caught enough small animals to keep life in their bodies. He had learned her name by that time—Blue Wind Woman—and why she had come to save him. He knew why, but for a long time he did not want to face the fact of the debt he had incurred. For her, a white man meant prestige. She was willing to gamble. She had staked her life on him.

In early spring—he guessed it was March—he could walk, though he limped badly. He would always limp, but he had not died.

Blue Wind Woman then announced, "Tomorrow we will go to look for my people."

For the first time since he had written his will, he took out the *Journal Of Adventure* to make another entry. The girl huddled in her blanket and pressed against his shoulder, watching with admiration as he wrote. Sometime, he thought, I will read this, or my children will. There must be no bitterness. He smiled wryly at a recollection of something his grandmother used to say in

AFGHAN HOUND
from a photograph, from
the "Red Heart" series



Lucky dog he's correctly fed on **RED HEART**

All the things a dog needs (except exercise, water and affection) are in Red Heart—the complete and perfect food for dogs of all ages and breeds including red meat, liver and cod liver oil.



*The complete food
for all breeds*

AN ECONOMY HINT

"Red Heart" may be fed straight from the tin but its concentrated goodness goes further if mixed with household scraps.

JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
If you are a CAT owner ask for "Red Heart" Cat Food

CVS.24

Somebody's going to need

Alka-Seltzer

REGD. TRADE MARK

for Indigestion!

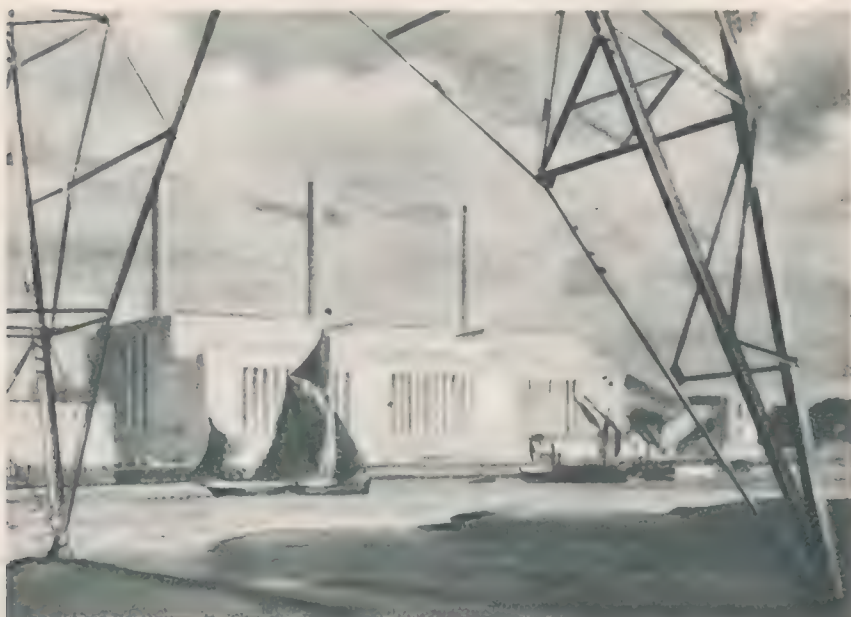


Indigestion caused by hurried or unwise eating is quickly relieved by one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets dissolved in warm or cold water. Speedy Alka-Seltzer neutralizes excess stomach acid, and brings quick relief from discomfort as millions of people have found. There is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer. At all chemists.



"And what's it for this time?"

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'



More electricity for Britain . . . forty great power stations built in six years . . . and power output increased by 50 per cent! As the new turbines and generators are set whirling, as more current is produced, new transformers and switchgear distribute and control it. Much of this equipment for generation and supply is made by The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company . . . and also much of the equipment by which electricity is put to use in the service of industry, agriculture, transport, and the private citizen.

bringing you



As electricity reaches deeper into the quiet countryside, it brings not only light and comfort, but *power* for our basic industry: food production. It drives much farm machinery—milking-machines and separators, threshing-machines, elevators and the like—and gives warmth and light to increase the yield from poultry and other stock. By helping to bring this power to more and more country-dwellers—already to 70 per cent more farms than in 1948—ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its part in the vital task of filling Britain's larder.

better living



The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

admonition when he was too noisy as a little boy: "Edward, let us comport ourselves with dignity."

And so he wrote, not what he wished to say, but what he would wish someone else to read:

"March—1869, cave by the creek. A few days after the last entry in this journal, I became desperately ill and would surely have died had it not been for the arrival of a young woman of the Crow tribe.

"She came, with great danger to herself, expressly to find the white man who her tribesmen said had been lost in their retreat.

"She has worked unceasingly through these winter months to save my life. We have been near to starving, and that we did not starve is entirely owing to her constant efforts. Her patience and fortitude never falter. She is unfailingly good-humoured, no matter how cold or tired or hungry. I owe her a debt that only my lifelong devotion can repay. Her name means Blue Wind Woman, but I call her Jane. Tomorrow we start from this place to find her people. The horse she brought has fared ill through the winter and is no more than bones held together with hide. But she says he is strong enough to carry me (for I can as yet walk only short distances), and she will travel on foot, carrying a pack of our necessities on her back. Until this winter, I never really understood the meaning of that word 'necessities.'"

When he stopped writing, she pointed at the page, looked up into his face with an eager, inquiring expression, and laughed.

He smiled and said, "It's about you." Then he kissed her.

"We will go where you want to go," he promised. "We will be married by a preacher." He took her rough, cold hand in both his hands and said solemnly, "I will be good to you and true to you so long as we both shall live, so help me God."

So Vicky was only a faraway sweet memory and a name that would appear no more in the *Journal Of Adventure*.

They stayed for a few weeks with the Crows so that Blue Wind Woman could show her man to her people. But she had seen from a distance how white men's women lived in settlements, and she wished for that grandeur. Edward Morgan did not think that he could endure the Crow camp much longer, anyway.

He rented a cabin on the edge of a town and went with his wife to a store where furniture could be bought. She was overwhelmed beyond speech, and at first would not point or touch but hid her face in her blanket.

THEIR cabin was furnished with real chairs, a painted table, an iron cooking stove and a brass bedstead. And then Edward Morgan made another entry in his journal:

"July 3, 1869. This morning, I Edward Morgan, and Jane or Blue Wind Woman, daughter of High Elk of the Crow tribe, were united in holy matrimony by the Rev. Walter Wickersham, a Methodist circuit rider. My bride wore a black satin dress that the wife of a departing citizen kindly sold me. I intend to do all in my power to make her life a contented one. Brother Wickersham baptized us both."

The baptism—Edward Morgan's second—made him feel better. His conscience had irked him about that pagan sacrifice.

"I am looking for a business connection in this region," he wrote. "A partnership is available in a mule freight business. I am now twenty-one years of age and can claim the money that is waiting for me in a Philadelphia bank."

So Edward Morgan became a mule skinner and a boss of mule skimmers, instead of being a professor of Latin and Greek.

His wife was proud of her house, though she had no interest in keeping it clean as Edward urged. She sat more easily on the floor than on a chair. She built a brush shelter outside the door and did her cooking

there over a fire rather than on the stove indoors. Sometimes he thought she was lonely, but she never said so.

He wrote seldom in the journal except to note business transactions he wanted to record. But in May, 1871, he made a jubilant entry:

"At four o'clock this morning a daughter was born to my wife Jane. She is a perfect baby but finds this world less than perfect, I judge by her loud objections to it. We will name her Elizabeth, for my mother. Jane is agreeable to this name and is practising the pronunciation. My wife is in good health and spirits, though she wished for a baby boy. May God shower blessings on my little Elizabeth."

They were in another settlement, a hundred miles south, when he entered another birth two years later:

"A son, who will be named for me, was born this morning to my wife, Jane Morgan. Edward Morgan the younger objects less strenuously to his new surroundings than his sister, Elizabeth, did. He is a beautiful baby, and I trust we will rear him to be an admirable citizen."

But they did not. Edward Morgan the younger, half-blooded son of Edward Morgan, was not yet two years old when he died with his mother. This was so harsh a tragedy that it was not entered in the battered *Journal Of Adventure* until some three weeks later.

ELIZABETH MORGAN, not quite four years old, slept sweetly after she had said her "Now I Lay Me." Her father moved quietly about the cabin, packing the belongings he would take when he left it. When he came upon his journal on a dusty shelf, he held it for a while, unopened, and then sat down at the table where a kerosene lamp gave light for reading.

"My wife and son are dead," he wrote, and for a few minutes could go no further.

"She was a fearless woman and impetuous. Six years ago these traits of hers saved my life, but now they have lost two others. Wishing to visit her own people, who had been camped some miles from this settlement, she took the boy and set out on horseback, but they were caught in a sudden blizzard and did not survive.

"My little Elizabeth is spared to me, having been left behind with a neighbour. A search party of which I was a member found the two bodies in a snowdrift after my wife's horse came back to our cabin."

Let us comport ourselves with dignity, he thought, putting down the pen. No need to tell the whole of it for Elizabeth to read some day. Blue Wind Woman must have been homesick, lonely. Her family had visited often, looking on Edward's household with pride and curiosity, always expecting a feast and always getting it. But perhaps, he thought, his wife had been tired of trying to live like a white woman.

She had left Elizabeth with a good woman nearby who had a house full of children and had not objected to a visit from one more. But Elizabeth's visit had lasted for a week, because Edward Morgan, freighting supplies from Salt Lake City, had been delayed by snow. He had come home to find his cabin empty and cold, to find the neighbour woman frantic with concern.

There was no need to tell those

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 30, the judge said that, legally, there was an implied condition in the agreement between the two men that after Green had paid his £300 each year, he should have sufficient money left to support himself and his family. The law will not enforce an agreement which leaves a man without enough to live on. Brown lost his case. (This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)



"Sweet or dry?"

details in the journal, or how unwilling his acquaintances had been to set out to search for an Indian woman and her baby who were no doubt settled safely in a tepee miles away.

"They are my wife and child," he had repeated grimly, and had recruited three men to help in the search. He found the bodies himself and stayed there while the others rode back for shovels to dig a grave.

"Tomorrow," he wrote, "my little daughter and I will leave this place. She will be cared for by Mrs. Clough, a rancher's wife in the Tumult Valley. I will continue my freight business, but with headquarters at Elk City."

He felt more solitary than ever before—excepting the time when he had lain with his leg broken in the shelter by that distant mountain creek. And now he could admit to himself that he had been lonely for a long time. He wished mightily to confide in someone to ease his grief, but there was no one.

He wrote a short letter to the bank in Philadelphia, where he still had a few hundred dollars on deposit, and gave his new address, Elk City.

Four years later, Edward Morgan rearranged his life again, so that he might make a home for Elizabeth. He sold his freight business and bought a livery stable that would allow him to stay in town, and during the summer he brought his daughter home from the Clough ranch to let her get used to him before school started.

"She is willing to try anything," he wrote proudly in the journal, which no longer related anything adventurous about himself. "She even volunteered to make bread, but was satisfied when I said we could buy it from a neighbour, who also does our washing. Elizabeth and I keep house very well. I cook and she wipes the dishes. She attempts to sweep with a broom far taller than herself. She can read a little, even without schooling. My daughter is a more than average bright child."

SHE came home jubilant after her first day at school. "Put your dark apron on," her father admonished, "but never mind peeling the potatoes. You tell me all about school while I get supper."

She sat on a chair, with her feet swinging and her hands clasped. "Well, it was real nice," she reported happily. "I've got a lady for my teacher! Mrs. Bishop, her name is."

"Not Professor Emery? How nice to have a lady! But Missus? Married ladies don't teach school."

"Why not? Oh, I guess they stay home and look after their children. But she said Missus. I sit next to a little girl who has curly hair."

Then he opened her lunch pail, and

said, "Why, you ate both your sandwiches. Good girl."

"Two's too much, but I had one. The other one, there was a boy didn't have any, so Mrs. Bishop said I could give it to him."

"That's fine, my dear." (Oh, proud little Elizabeth, who could be bountiful! She would have two sandwiches every day.)

"Teacher sent a paper for you to write on. I don't know all the answers." She giggled. "She asked what your first name was. I said it was Papa."

LYING in his bunk that night, waiting for sleep, he was amused that his daughter had not known his first name. Still, when had she ever heard it? Men called him Morgan. Blue Wind Woman (she was "Jane" on the paper he had filled in for the teacher) had called him a pet name in her own language. But now his daughter, or perhaps her teacher, had made him whole again. Edward Morgan, as he had been when he was a boy in the country that Elizabeth, with awe and respect, called Way Back East.

A week later, when Elizabeth skipped in with her book and lunch pail, she said, "Teacher says please she would like to see you."

"Did she say what for? My little girl hasn't been bad in school, has she?"

Elizabeth searched her soul. "Well, I don't think so. If you're bad, she calls you down, like if you talk when you shouldn't. Some of the children are real bad," she added with conscious virtue. "But teacher likes me fine."

Getting smartened up enough to meet the teacher was a problem. He left a clean shirt and his good boots at the barber shop in the morning, and in the afternoon went back there for a bath and a shave. It was a long time since he had been so shined up.

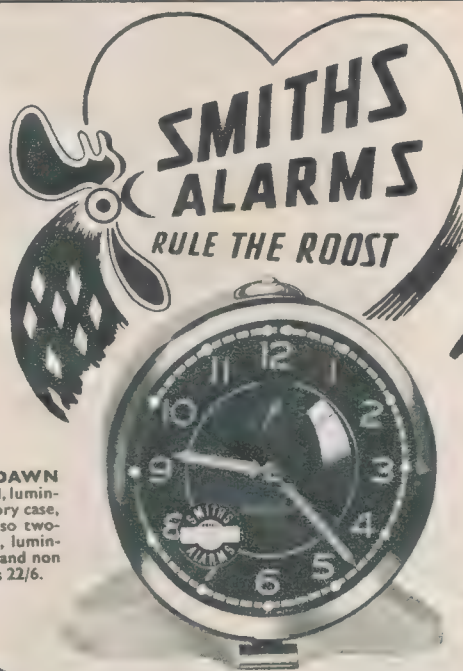
He left his horse at the hitch rack in front of the school and when the youngsters surged out with a roar of release, he told Elizabeth to play a while. He tugged at his collar as he limped into the school. The teacher's back was turned, and he cleared his throat and said, "Mrs. Bishop?"

When she turned, he heard his own voice saying, "Why, Vicky!"

She stared at him with honest curiosity and then sat down at her desk, and said: "I wanted to know whether it was the same Edward Morgan."

He thought of the last seven years. "I guess it isn't," he said. "That Edward Morgan promised to come back. He broke his promise. He was—unavoidably detained. I'm sorry, Vicky. I've always been sorry."

She toyed with a pencil, not looking up. "Vicky Willis promised to



NEW DAWN
Black dial, luminous in ivory case, 27/6. Also two-tone dial, luminous 27/6 and non luminous 22/6.

..and here are the Four Ace Features



AUTOMATIC RESET. You wind alarm at night and up comes the knob . . . automatically. In the morning when the alarm rings just press the knob to stop.



TESTED AT EVERY STAGE OF PRODUCTION . . . Solid steel pinions . . . rust-defying phosphor bronze hairsprings . . . special oil developed after years of research . . . all ensure lasting efficiency.



FULLY GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR . . .



BUILT BY BRITISH CRAFTSMEN . . . backed by a great firm—SMITHS, the world's largest manufacturers of Clocks, Watches and Precision Instruments.

FROM ALL LEADING JEWELLERS AT PRICES FROM 19/-
also ask to see SMITHS 'SECTRIC' Alarms, which need NO WINDING OR REGULATING.

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.1
The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

"..and one for the HOME!"

there is
only
**ONE
BEST**



Choose
BOOTH'S
DRY GIN



BY APPOINTMENT
AND DISTILLERS TO
THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES
LIMITED

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle 33/9 • Half Bottle 17/7 • Qtr. Bottle 9/2 • Miniature 3/7

Sir Kreemy Knut



Sharps

the word for Toffee

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
"The Toffee Specialists" MAIDSTONE, KENT
SN5-7



Whose key is this?

It's the key that has unfailing power behind it because it belongs to a fortunate motorist who asked for and got a Crompton Battery. Originally known as the Young battery, and made by one of the largest electrical firms in Great Britain, Crompton is the standard battery with the best Guarantee of all.

Ask your garage for a



MADE BY CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD.

wait. But she married a man named Forbes Bishop. He was drowned."

"So Vicky Bishop, forced to earn her own living, came to the frontier to teach school."

"I don't have to earn my living," she said frankly. "It's no coincidence that I came to Elk City. My second cousin works in a bank in Philadelphia. He told me you were here. Getting the information out of him was almost as hard as the journey west. I hope you realize," she added with a trace of a smile, "that this explanation is embarrassing to me."

Unaccustomed laughter rose in his throat.

"You've still got the devil in you," he said.

"Devil is a bad word, and we don't say bad words in school," she warned him primly. "I came to find out two facts. You are alive; that's one."

The other was obvious: Why hadn't he come back?

I incurred a debt, and I paid it. He might say that, but he would not, even to save Vicky's pride.

"I married a Crow Indian woman," he said. "Her name was Blue Wind Woman, but I called her Jane. She died four years ago, and my son with her, trying to get back to her own people."

"Yes," Vicky said softly. "Yes, that's what I've heard. Goodbye, Edward Morgan. Your daughter is waiting for you. She is a very sweet little girl."

Vicky's back was turned as he answered, "Goodbye. Goodbye."

The night he opened the *Journal of Adventure* and wrote: "Today I saw Vicky! She is teaching. . . ." He did not finish. Now he knew for what reader the journal had been intended in the beginning. It was not begun for his descendants, or for the boy who had been Edward Morgan, or for the unknown wanderer who might have found a man's bones in a shallow cave beside a creek.

He did not finish the sentence he had begun, but wrote a new one: "Vicky, this is what became of Edward Morgan."

He wrapped the book carefully in newspaper and tied it with grocery string.

Elizabeth was delighted to take it to school the next morning when he explained: "It's something for your teacher."

ELIZABETH was not yet home from school when he reached their cabin that evening. The kettle was boiling before he saw her coming on her pinto pony, and with something close to terror he saw that she was not alone. Vicky walked beside her, laughing.

I should go to welcome her, he thought, but he was frightened and trapped. He watched as Elizabeth slid down into Vicky's reaching arms. He could not move until they neared the doorway, walking hand in hand. And then he was able only to say: "Good evening, Mrs. Bishop."

"I asked teacher to supper and we took turns riding," Elizabeth said.

"She is very welcome," Edward Morgan answered. "Vicky, come in."

"I brought back your book," said Vicky Bishop.

They looked at each other across lost years.

"Elizabeth, go gather up some chips for kindling," Edward Morgan ordered. "Hustle!" The child went with lagging feet.

"And what did you find in the book?" he demanded.

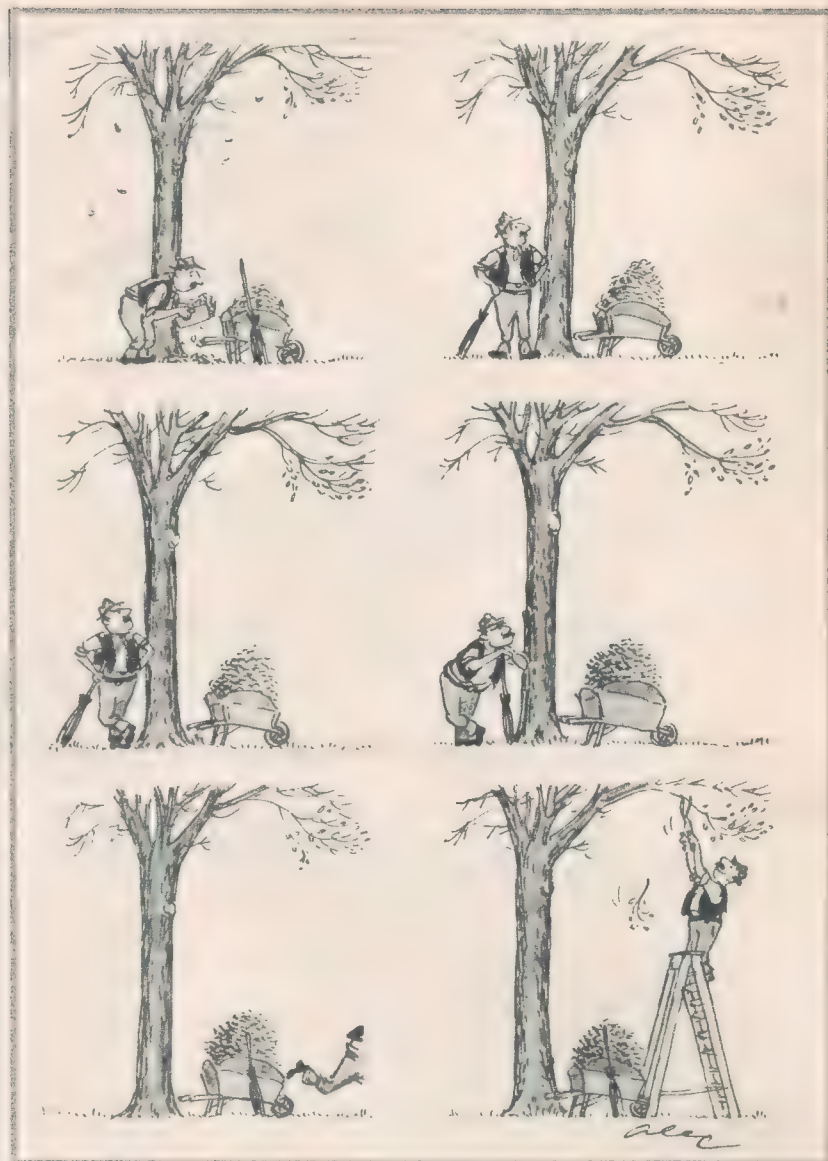
Vicky considered. "I found a boy I used to know. And then I found a man, a man of honour."

He could not speak for a moment. At last he said: "Was he there? That man? I hadn't thought of him that way, Vicky."

She was clutching the door casing with one hand, holding the book with the other. She said: "And I remembered how his grandmother used to say: 'Let us comport ourselves with dignity.'"

Then Vicky was in his arms, weeping softly, with her face pressed against his shoulder.

THE END



THE GREAT STORM

Continued from page 22

her steering. Twenty-four hours later, Captain Phalen sighted a buoy and took a sounding, to find thirty fathoms of water under his ship. He studied his chart and discovered that the *Selene* now lay at the entrance to the Wash, nearly 150 miles south of the Tyne. As the *Selene* drifted into waters partly protected by sand banks, the seas began to decrease.

The nine men who had been trapped in the fore-castle without food or drinking water since noon the previous day, decided to risk the dangers of the deck before they became too weak.

Forcing open the door on to the deck, they crawled over the tumbling logs. All reached amidships safely.

At once, Captain Phalen planned a temporary connection between the steering engine and the rudder, to replace the steering rods still jammed under the bulwarks.

Several men descended to the main deck, dodging the logs, and disconnected the chain that led from the steering engine behind the bridge to the first steel rod. Then they scrambled aft to free the chain coming from the rudder quadrant to the other end of the rod. Other men held them while they worked, yelling a warning when a sea climbed on board, or a log hurtled near.

Steered By Wire

A young seaman swarmed up the remaining stay supporting the main mast on the starboard side, and, clinging to the greasy wire with his legs, lashed a heavy steel pulley as high as he could reach.

Now the men passed a two and a half inch mooring wire through the pulley and shackled it forward to the end link of the chain coming from the steering engine, and aft to the end link of the chain near the rudder. Every inch of slack was taken up, and the job was done.

Captain Phalen rang the engines to slow ahead, and watched as a seaman

turned the steering wheel: the *Selene* came round and faced the weather. The master gave a course, and the seaman moved the wheel slowly so that the least possible strain came on the makeshift steering connection. The wire tightened, the block above the deck took the strain. Everything held. The *Selene* was steering again. Captain Phalen gave the course that would take the battered, listing ship to the River Humber. . . .

So the ships came in from the great storm; perhaps not to their original destinations but to ports where they could carry out repairs and land the injured. They came in leaning at unbelievable angles, with wheelhouses, boats and deck fittings swept away. With the Post Office radio operators reporting many channel buoys torn from their positions, they had to navigate with extreme caution.

Lost In Storm

Some ships never came in. Apart from the *Princess Victoria*, the Swedish steamer, *Aspo*, on a voyage from Oskarshamn to Hartlepool with a cargo of pit props, disappeared with all hands in the North Sea on February 1. The *Catharina Duyvis*, a steam trawler which left Grimsby for the fishing grounds in the North Sea on that same day, reported by wireless on February 1, and was never heard or seen again.

The *Guava*, a motor trawler from Lowestoft; the *Leopold Nera* from Zeebrugge; the *Salland*, a small cargo vessel of Delfzijl bound from Par to Stockholm with a cargo of china clay; the *Fleetwood* trawler, *Michael Griffith*; the coasting steamer, *Yew-valley*, and the *Grimsby* trawler *Sheldon*, with fourteen men on board, all disappeared in those wild days. Nearly three hundred lives were lost at sea in home waters.

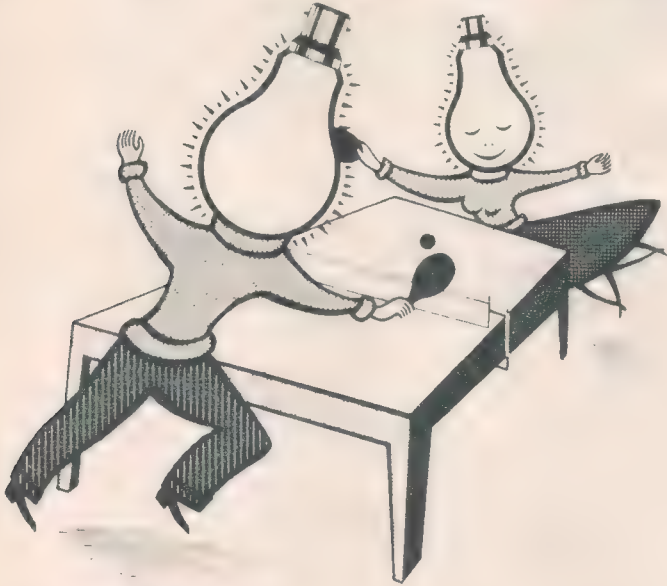
But ships move on. The pattern is continuous, the business of men upon the waters never ceases.

THE END

"The Great Storm" by J. Lennox Kerr is being published in book form in mid-October by Harrap at 15s.

Indoor games are more exciting

When they're played by Osram lighting!



Osram
THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A **G.E.C.** Product

The General Electric Co. Ltd. Also manufacturers of the famous Osram fluorescent tubes

HE'S RIGHT ON COURSE!

At his touch the ship's bows sweep round. From the bridge comes the order "Meet her!". He spins the wheel quickly and the swing of the ship is checked. "Steady!", and he keeps her dead on course, playing her against wind and sea, his eye never leaving the compass. He's one of a team, highly-trained, ready for anything.

The life for a man!

Do you want a life of action? Then there's a first-rate career ahead of you in the Royal Navy. All branches — Seamen, Engine Room, Communications, etc. — are now open. There's good pay, generous leave and prospects are fine for the man who is keen.

**Make the
Royal Navy
your career**

**If you're between 15 and 23,
and fit and intelligent, send
off this coupon now. It brings
you a free book about the
the Royal Navy.**

FREE BOOK: *The Royal Navy as a Career* tells you about the life, jobs and pay. Post this coupon today to D.N.R. (Dept. FH/27), Admiralty, London, S.W.1. (Applications from U.K. only).

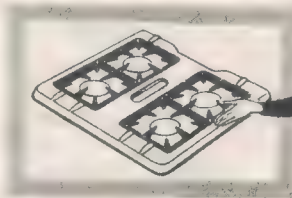
Name _____

Address _____

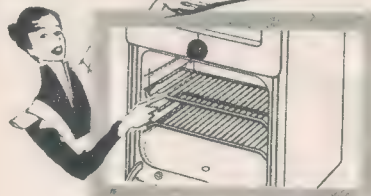
Age _____



**More meals to the therm
Less work to the week**



Identical Twins Burners are interchangeable. All four boil as fast or simmer as gently as you like.



Inside Family-size oven (round-cornered for cleaning) is lit from front. Mainstat heat control.



Outside Cream enamel, rounded corners. Plinth base to house baking tins. Gas pistol optional.

If you cook on gas you must have THE MAIN COOKERY BOOK. Over 750 recipes. Useful hints on gas cooking. 300 pages. 5/- post free from Dept. J.B. R & A Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

Note the name made by MAIN

Certainly the Main 'Century' saves effort, gas and time, and gives you wonderful cooking. But you can't pack all its advantages in a phrase or two because it's a mass of clever details. The only thing is to see it for yourself!

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY
GAS COOKER

SEE IT AT
YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

— PAUL BEARD —

says

**"This letter gave me
a wonderful chance"**

"EARLY IN MY CAREER—about 1921—I was playing in the City of Birmingham Orchestra; the late Sir Henry Wood was conducting," says Paul Beard, brilliant leader of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. "Sir Henry asked me to play over to him, privately, the solo violin parts of the Bach B Minor Mass."

"Within a few days I received from him an invitation to take over the leadership of the Orchestra. I could hardly write fast enough accepting this wonderful offer! That letter opened the way for me to leadership of the principal orchestras in the country."

Letters that may lead to new opportunities deserve notepaper that is a credit to you — notepaper that gives your letters an outstandingly elegant appearance. "I use Basildon Bond," says Paul Beard. "I like its quiet distinction, its easy writing surface, its quality."

Follow Paul Beard's example. Get Basildon Bond today. It suits every kind of pen. Writing pads from 1/0½; envelopes to match, from 7½d.

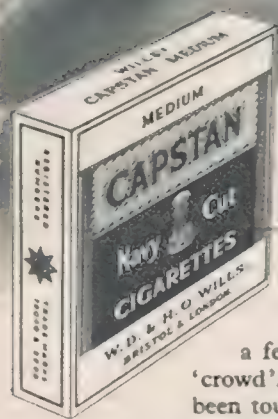


*You are interested in my
becoming the leader
of the C.B.O. I shall
be delighted to call on
you & talk things over.
All good wishes.
Yours very sincerely
Paul Beard*

Basildon Bond
CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

A John Dickinson Product

How DEREK FARR got away from the crowd



DEREK FARR is by no means an unsociable fellow. Although driving is certainly one of his greatest interests, he also likes people and parties. But at one time it was his burning ambition to get away from the crowd. That's when he was just one of the 'crowd'—an extra, in fact—and hardly had a cigarette to his name. It was often a long time between Capstans in those days.

At last Derek was given his first speaking part. Only a few lines—but it lifted him immediately out of the 'crowd'. After that, he never looked back. "Of course it's been tough going at times," he says, "but one need never despair when things aren't so good. A nice quiet cigarette and a good long think work wonders. I assure you, you never find me without a Capstan somewhere near."

Have a CAPSTAN

DEREK FARR, who will portray the station Commanding Officer in the Associated British film of "The Dam Busters", the epic story of the R.A.F. raid on the Ruhr dams.

—they're made
to make friends

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

CC58L

BRITAIN'S FINEST VALUE IN

PORTABLE RADIO!

EVER READY SKY QUEEN

£12.11.0 (Battery 16/-)

or set and Battery supplied for 27/- deposit
and twelve monthly payments of 22/10

★ FROM YOUR LOCAL BRANCH OF:—

or send 27/-
deposit for
immediate
delivery to

Currys Ltd., Mail Order Dept. E.12
Worthy Park, Winchester, Hants.

Currys

φE.12

THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL

Continued from page 11

the staid *émigrés*. N.T.S. is taken to task for its "exaggerated optimism" and for being always at a gallop.

"We are mainly a young man's party," says Okolovich. "We made it a firm rule in the early days not to accept anyone born before 1895. That was in 1930, when we began." It was this attachment to youth, he says, which appealed to him when, at the age of thirty-two, he first heard of the N.T.S. in 1933.

His first wife had died and a friend found him at a loose end and took him to a meeting.

Okolovich gave up a secure, well-paid job as a civil engineer—he took a diploma in engineering in Paris in the middle twenties—to take an active part in the N.T.S. He had left Russia in 1920 with the defeated White Armies, which he had joined as a volunteer at eighteen. He worked as a shop assistant, chef's boy, surveyor's assistant and lumberjack—in Yugoslavia—and as a manual labourer in a rayon factory in Lyons. This variety of experience helped him when he was challenged on his first return to his own country.

A Faked Passport

His second entry was easier. Okolovich was in Germany when the war began on the eastern front. The political dilemma in which the N.T.S. finds itself even today was exemplified by his own position then. "We were not prepared to fight for Hitler and assist his plans to dismember our country, yet we saw no reason to abandon our fight against Stalin."

Okolovich set out on foot from Berlin, across war-devastated Poland, into German-occupied Russia—on a faked passport. In Smolensk, he became administrator of public transport, fuel and sewage disposal—a key job in a city shattered by bombs and plagued with epidemics.

Under the impact of German brutality, the N.T.S. told its members to try to soften the attitude of the Nazis to the civil population—the *untersmenschen* (sub-humans), as the Nazis called them.

Okolovich's efforts in this direction landed him in jail, where he ate nothing but black bread and soup made from offal, and developed pyorrhoea—"I've hated soup ever since," he says.

On his release, he helped to set up fifty-two N.T.S. centres in the Soviet Union, and when the Red Army swept back in 1943-44 he sowed additional groups in its wake at Orsha, Gomel and Minsk.

It was at this time that the N.T.S. produced the slogan, "Neither Hitler nor Stalin." The Nazis retaliated by arresting about two hundred leaders of the N.T.S. in June, 1944, in a swoop

carried out by S.S. chief Kaltenbrunner. Only a hundred survived the treatment.

Okolovich, who had been on the reserve committee which went into action after the arrest of the two hundred, rose to a position of leadership. In September, 1944, he was himself arrested and put into the Alexanderplatz Prison in Berlin.

"We were not ill-treated," he says. "The warders were regular staff, not Gestapo." Nevertheless, he is sure that he and his friends would have died of hunger but for the activities of a number of N.T.S. women who smuggled food parcels in to them. Okolovich was released seven months later on the personal insistence of General Andrei Vlassov, head of the German-sponsored Russian Army of Liberation. There was a celebration-party, at which Okolovich found his host dispirited because the divisions he had been promised were still merely on paper.

Only in the last phase of the Oder battle did the Vlassov divisions go into action against the Red Army; and then, in the final confused period of fighting, they turned their guns on their sponsors and liberated Prague from German S.S. troops. Vlassov was later handed over by the Americans to the Soviets as a war criminal and was hanged in Moscow in 1946.

Towards the end of the war, Okolovich was taken by the Nazis to Pilsen under armed guard and arrived on a night when the R.A.F. attacked the town. During the strafing he was slightly injured by shrapnel.

Okolovich has since had other narrow escapes—in the cold war. Two men, now believed to have been M.V.D. agents, called at his flat while he was away and told his wife that he had been seriously hurt in a motor accident and was detained in a hospital. They offered to drive her to him.

"She very sensibly refused," Okolovich says. "Otherwise they would have used her as live bait to catch me."

Men Lurked Near Flat

On another occasion, two suspected M.V.D. men were arrested by West German police when they were found lurking near the Okolovich flat. The third incident occurred last February and was highly publicised throughout the world.

Captain Nikolai Khokhlov, of the M.V.D., turned up at Okolovich's flat, explained that he had been sent to kill him but that he had no intention of doing so, and told how he had been armed with a cigarette-case pistol.

"The Soviets have never really forgiven my crossing into Russia in 1939, right under their noses," Okolovich says. "But how could they foresee that Khokhlov, the M.V.D. man they sent to kill me, would find his conscience and reveal a human heart?"

NEXT WEEK: The mystery of
Captain Khokhlov's surrender

A story that will move and inspire

MY LEFT FOOT

by CHRISTY BROWN

"THIS work seems to me of universal importance. Seldom, except in the great story of Helen Keller, has a crippled, blind or deaf person been so gifted that he was able to lift the curtain that hangs around the lives of so many of our less fortunate brothers and sisters and let us see within. For me the whole experience has been an extraordinary revelation."—Dr. Robert Collis

COMING SOON IN JOHN BULL

Further details next week



"So far, he's made two things—sawdust and noise"

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 17

fortress-like high granite blocks deployed on the dark moor like the spokes of a wheel.

Half a dozen Dartmoor ponies amble, rather absently, up and down the street, thrusting sagacious heads into tourists' cars in the summer, browsing in front gardens in winter, materializing with a fearful clatter of hoofs in front of car headlights on the road at night. The ponies are Princetown's oldest inhabitants. No one knows when they first came to the moor. They just belong there, with the stone circles, the tors, and the heather.

Some little way along the street, slightly set back, stands an insignificant round-ended building faced in Princetown's favourite grey roughcast. Steps lead up to doors on the first floor, but there is nothing about the building to offer a clue to its purpose, and it was only some time later that I discovered that this indeed was the town hall—the town hall of the posters which announced that *A Girl In Every Port* was being screened there by the mobile cinema that came up from Plymouth every Monday evening.

The town hall is also the meeting place of the Lydford Parish Council, a curious body that embraces most of Dartmoor, and thus easily qualifies for the title of the "biggest civil parish in England."

At the moment of my call, the parish council was facing a minor crisis. The streets of Princetown had, until then, been lit by gas, kindly provided, free of charge, from the gas-holders in the Prison compound. And now the Prison was switching to electricity.

Gift Of The Duke

Underneath the stone steps of the town hall there was another double door, and on this there was a small brass plate: "Duchy of Cornwall Office."

Though no doubt unintended, its position seemed a very pretty piece of symbolism. For ever since the fourteenth century, when this vast tract of south-western England became the hereditary possession of the eldest son of the reigning sovereign, the Duchy of Cornwall has dominated the life of this "country within a country"—the 50,000 acres of the Forest of Dartmoor. The Duchy, indeed, had built (and owned) this town hall (a gift of the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales); the Prison Commissioners themselves were the

Duchy's leasehold tenants; and Princetown was almost wholly the creation of one of its stewards, a certain Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt.

A remarkable man, this Sir Thomas. One of those formidable Englishmen with outsize bees buzzing in their bonnets. And Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt's was a particularly magnificent bee. He was consumed with the idea of causing the wilderness of Dartmoor to blossom like the rose. Everybody would make his fortune. That was quite clear—to Sir Thomas.

He began, in 1798, at his chosen spot (which is now Princetown) by carving out a farm which he named Tor Royal, and invited his friend, the Prince Regent, to stay. But to open up a wilderness calls for roads—and roads call for labour.

Prison Boom Town

The arrival at this point of hordes of French prisoners from the Napoleonic wars, and of American prisoners from the war of 1812, appeared providential. Sir Thomas pointed out to his friend, the Prince Regent, that instead of leaving the unfortunate prisoners to languish in overcrowded hulks in Plymouth harbour it would be far more humane to provide them with barracks on the Duchy's land on Dartmoor. It was these barracks that later became the convict prison.

For a while it all worked like a charm. Shopkeepers flocked to sell to the prisoners, who seem to have had plenty of money. Houses went up. The prisoners themselves built the parish church. Roads traversed the moor. And, in 1823, the indefatigable and astonishing Tyrwhitt somehow pushed Plymouth business men into driving the railway out over the moor to his booming metropolis, which he duly named Princetown, after his friend—and boss—the Prince Regent.

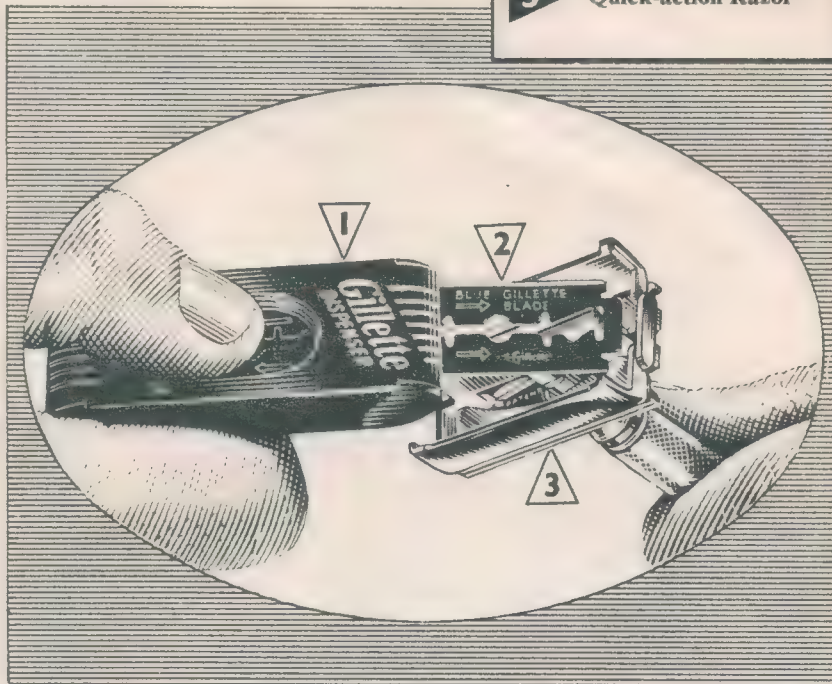
But there the dream faded. The desert, unaccountably, failed to bloom like the rose. No fields of waving corn greeted—or greet—the visitor to Princetown.

Princetown alone remains, the hollow hub of the moor, a curious and ironic monument to the pertinacity of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt and the power of habit in several hundred old lags.

For years there have been rumours that the Prison is at last about to shut down; for Princetown's inhabitants they are as permanent a feature as the famous mists that gather here. The Prison, the Forestry Commissioners and the granite quarries still provide enough employment to keep life faintly stirring through the winter months in

Gillette Superspeed Shaving

- 1 Quick-feed Dispenser
- 2 Blue Gillette Blade—sharpest in the world
- 3 Quick-action Razor



Shaving up-to-date

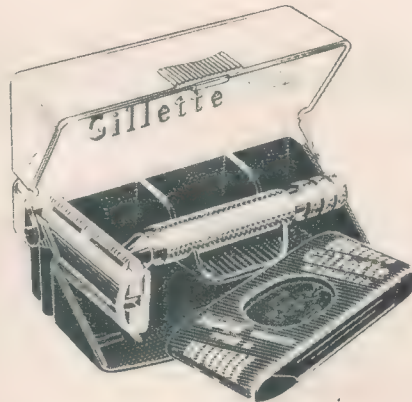
The Dispenser—latest Gillette time and trouble-saving innovation. New blade in a flash. No more tiresome unwrapping. No possibility of damaging blade edges. Special Gillette oil-protection brings you blades in the same perfect condition as they left the factory. Discarded blade container ends old blade nuisance.

10 Blue Gillette Blades
(20 shaving edges)
Dispenser or Packet 2/10



Start Superspeed Shaving today

The 'Rocket' Set gives you all the elements of Gillette Superspeed Shaving for only 6/6. The system is speed from the word go. A quick-action razor and Blue Gillette Blade—sharpest in the world, swiftly stroke the bristle away. And what's more, in the 'Rocket' Set you get a quick-feed Dispenser with six blades. The razor and Dispenser are packed in a sparkling moulded case with transparent lid. It's really 8/6 value for only 6/6.



Good mornings begin with **Gillette**
Always use Gillette Shaving Cream

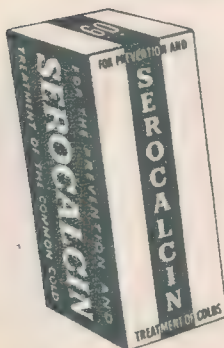
Remember

you can avoid
Winter Colds
by taking



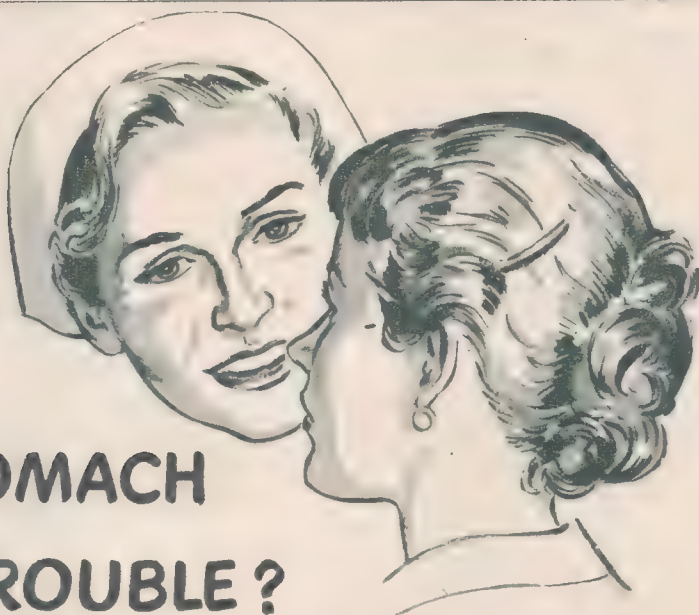
SEROCALCIN TABLETS

for the prevention of
the common cold



NOW

At all chemists
3/9 & 9/10



STOMACH TROUBLE?

Take my advice. . . .

"I meet so many people who are bothered by acid-indigestion—just like you. And I always advise 'Milk of Magnesia'—in fact I take it myself when I have indigestion. 'Milk of Magnesia' isn't just an antacid, it's a mild laxative as well, so it corrects acidity and keeps the system happy at the same time. It's so gentle, too—it's ideal for Baby's 'windigestion'."

4 oz. size 1/8—12 oz. size 3/4

'MILK of MAGNESIA'

*REGD. TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion

the heart of this vast, primeval wilderness.

If Princetown is the hub of the moor, the Duchy Office, under the town hall, is, in its equally strange way, the hub of Princetown. One side of the double door, with the brass plate, was ajar. With visions of hordes of haughty—probably monocled—functionaries, I pushed it open and went in. All I found at first was a number of empty rooms. I finally penetrated to a small office, occupied by a man and a girl typist.

The man—quite monocle-less—was Leslie Mutton, the Duchy's Steward in Princetown. Everybody on Dartmoor knows Mr. Mutton. If Princetown had a town clerk, as well as a town hall, he would certainly be the man for the job. For almost every pub, shop, farm and human habitation for miles around is either owned by the Duchy, or on Duchy land. Each year the Annual Rent Audit dinner the Duchy gives to its tenants fills to overflowing the Two Bridges Hotel. After dinner, according to custom, the tenants sit around smoking the long churchwarden pipes which the Duchy supplies for the occasion.

Rent From Sea-bed

You do not have to tell Leslie Mutton about the strength of the "legacy of the past" in Britain: he lives with it. The Duchy's suzerainty extends not only over the "Forest of Dartmoor" itself, but also over the shores of the rivers rising there, and so down to the foreshore of Devon, and out to the three-mile limit.

Each year, into the little office in Princetown Town Hall must come, for instance, one shilling rent for a certain Plymouth Corporation drain that empties into the sea; £5 or so for the foundations, on the sea-bed, of the long Plymouth breakwater; other small sums for the chains of the Tor Point and Saltash ferries insofar as these touch the bed of the River Tamar.

On the moor itself, this little office in the grey roughcast town hall was the pivot of a complex and venerable system of rights and customs which still form the foundation of the economic life of the area. Traditionally, the "Forest of Dartmoor" (a "forest," incidentally, in which it is a long struggle to get any tree to grow) is divided into four Quarters. Each Quarter is presided over by a Moorman, appointed by the Duchy. The Moorman pays a small rent to the Duchy for his Quarter and he, in turn, may likewise let out the grazing rights to other farmers.

Commoners' Rights

But it is not only their animals that graze the moor: far from it. In the villages that fringe the moor, one is continually hearing of "the Venville." These are the venerable Venville rights by which the commoners of the villages may let their animals wander freely from their home commons to graze over the vast expanse of the moor. In recognition of these rights they pay a traditional token sum each year to the Duchy.

But even in this remote wilderness, change is inescapable. On Dartmoor, its chief instrument has been the armed forces. Ever since the time of the Crimean War, when breech-loading cannon were tried out there, the military have been using the moor for weapon-testing and training. As the power and range of armament has increased and, in recent years, all sorts of fearsome new weapons have been added, more and more of the moor has been taken in.

I found myself continually confronting bright red flags, flying gaily from high flagstaffs and accompanied by notice boards offering sudden death. Disconcerting at first, but one got used to it—also to roads congested with long parked convoys of green army or blue naval lorries, and hordes of soldiers or marines swarming up hillsides, festooned with instruments of destruction.

I stood with Leslie Mutton, the Duchy's man, outside the little Princetown Town Hall that his father, the

Duchy's clerk of the works, had built, talking over the changes that had come to the life of the moor. Mutton was scoffing at the popular idea of a grim, mist-shrouded "Hound-of-the-Baskervilles" Dartmoor.

"I used to be at Buckingham Gate, the Duchy's London office," he told me. "But, you know, I'd much rather be here. Remote? Well, I can be in Plymouth in twenty-five minutes in my car. . . ."

Ashamed To Look

The sun, coming out just then, and bathing in sparkling light the great sweep of the moor beyond the town, seemed to bear out his words. It shone, too, on a line of blue-overalled men, a few yards away on the other side of the street, digging a trench for a water-main. A little way from the end of the row, a prison officer in peaked cap and dark raincoat stood silently watching, a clean-cut figure with that air of iron detachment that hangs about these men.

An everyday sight in Princetown—and yet one which aroused in the visitor a strange complex of emotions: curiosity fighting with shame. What manner of men were these that had thus put themselves beyond the pale of society? One felt impelled to look, and yet ashamed to look, embarrassed for these grown men's humiliation.

And then a small boy, playing in the street, came up and, one leg on the kerb, began to prattle to one of the convicts in the trench. The man grinned and answered him—and the world all at once seemed clean again.

"You see?" said Leslie Mutton, still vindicating his Dartmoor. "You see how casual it all is? Why, thirty years ago, you'd have seen them with broad arrows and the warders standing by with guns. Now, they know all the news and they know all the village gossip, too—more than I do."

Prison Rebellion

"No—a lot of nonsense is talked about the Prison. Of course, you might think I'm hard—but I was here during the Rebellion in the thirties. They used the town hall as a court afterwards. There were thirty-four prisoners, and you know, at the end, it took two C.I.D. officers an entire morning to read out those men's records. I know thirty-four is a lot—but a whole morning!"

And yet if, since the coming of the motor-car, Dartmoor is no longer remote, there are still plenty of times in winter when it lives up to its grim reputation. Not even the most loyal citizen of Princetown can put forward the claims of the place as a health resort in the months when the mists

RAFFLES

AND THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR



Barry Perowne writes another sparkling story of the dashing adventurer in crime

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



swathe the moor, when snow lies about for weeks and even the rushing River Dart freezes and the skeletal ponies and sheep come down to crowd the streets of Princetown.

It is one thing to grow a field of oats or barley on the moor; a much rarer one to see it safely harvested. Even hay is scarce on moor farms.

Nevertheless, though much too grandiose, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt's dream was not wholly without substance. Something like one-fifth of this great stretch of England could, I was told, be substantially improved.

By good modern management of both land and stock, more and better animals could be kept on the moor. The wilderness, if it would not blossom like the rose, might yet make handsome additions to its already not unimpressive contribution to the nation's food supply.

The night before, in the big assembly room of the Princetown Town Hall, I had attended a special meeting of the Dartmoor Commoners' Association called with just this basic idea. The room was packed. Each local association based on each—or most—of the commons all around the rim of Dartmoor had sent two members to this "federal" meeting of the lately formed All-Dartmoor Commoners' Association. As their animals came together all over the moor, now they met in this room in Princetown.

One by one, the various "experts" seated at the long table along the end of the hall got up to say his piece. The County Agricultural Officer was eloquent on the need—and duty—of putting money into more fertilizer to spread on the commons. The National Farmers' Union man from Exeter got up and warned commoners that unless they speedily adopted the Ministry's attestation scheme for their cattle, they would lose their valuable old market for "stores." The Ministry man rose, with a file in his hand, cleared his throat and began to reel off regulations about serums and reaction tests in a dry, official voice.

Ancient And Modern

It was with the questions that the fun began. At one moment, we were in the twentieth century, at the next in the thirteenth; at one moment the talk was of "trace elements" and "cobalt deficiency," at the next of the Venville and just how you could contrive to put in cattle-grids without becoming inextricably tied up in a tangle of common rights that it would take six High Court judges half a century or so to unravel.

One blunt old chap got to his feet and said: "What's the use of us putting more fertilizer down on So-and-so Common when all the animals for miles around are going to come in and take advantage of it?"

Another was on his feet repeatedly

worrying aloud about how he could possibly isolate his cattle for attestation with three unfenced roads running through his land.

Again and again, the unfortunate Ministry official was brought to his feet, a lean dry figure, hugging his file. "I'm afraid I'm not familiar with So-and-so Common."

Compulsion, said somebody at the back. That was the only way. Let them make everyone around Dartmoor "go attested" and then. . . .

"Yes, yes," said the man from the Ministry, hastily. "But, then, of course, we don't like compulsion much in this country."

So there it was: modern scientific agriculture and a land-holding system that went back to King John locked in bizarre—and all but fatal—embrace.

Green Borderlands

Had you taken a map and marked upon it all the places from which those farmers had driven into Princetown that evening, you would have made a great circle around the whole of Dartmoor, from Roborough Down at Yelverton in the south-west to Chagford Common in the north-east. For—and here, perhaps, was Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt's great error—it is not in the great sterile heart of the moor, but all around its edges that the true life of Dartmoor most strongly flows.

From all around its perimeter, tongues of green land—the "in-country"—twist up into the moor, and it is mostly here that the moor families live and have their farms and gain their purchase for their forays into the moor itself.

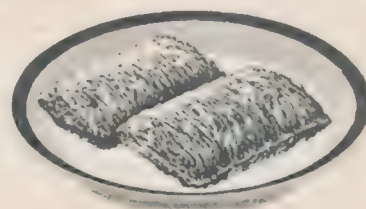
A few miles beyond the small market town of Tavistock, where Drake was born, a small stream, the Tavy—winds up, north-westwards, towards its source in the middle of the moor, insinuating into the dark wilderness a strip of green, a mile or so wide. Here, well off the main road, under its tall pinnaled church tower of grey granite, is the quiet village of Peter Tavy. Just a mile beyond, on the other side of the stream, across a maze of narrow, high banked lanes, rises another tall pinnaled church tower of grey granite: the village of Mary Tavy.

St. Mary and St. Peter it was, of course, in more reverent days, but the prefixes have been gone long enough for there to be a hoary local joke about a certain Sessions judge who, getting his papers a little mixed, intoned: "Let Peter and Mary Tavy come forward and not depart without the leave of this court."

Along the sides of such valleys, fertile land and moor are interlocked like the pieces of a jigsaw. A field is green; the next, just a few feet above it, is already dark with heather. If the moor is hidden, it is, nevertheless, ever-present; one turns a corner, emerges from behind a high stone bank of what



"I'm dog-tired till I've had my



**WELGAR
SHREDDED
WHEAT!**

What a difference it makes when you wake up to Welgar Shredded Wheat! No wonder, for you're eating 100% whole wheat, replete with protein, wheat germ, bran and the food values that build vitality! Grown-ups or youngsters, everybody does better on Welgar Shredded Wheat. Give your family all its benefits for a really wholesome, healthful breakfast!



Buy the Big-Value Packet—only 1'—



She's cleaning her teeth

Or rather, she has safely left the job of oxygen-cleaning her dentures to "Steradent", while she's getting dressed.

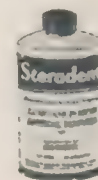
Like all fastidious wearers of dentures, she knows the importance of cleaning them thoroughly with something made for the purpose.

She knows that the kindest way to clean dentures properly is to steep them every day for 20 minutes in half a tumbler of water

which contains Steradent. By blending the actions of alkali and purifying oxygen, Steradent removes film and stains, disinfects the dentures in every crevice, and leaves them so sweet and fresh that the tongue can feel how clean they are.

It always pays to use something made for the job, and Steradent pays in another sense, too—it's so economical. Buy a flask to-day: 2/5 and 1/4.

Leave the job to **Steradent**
—specially made to clean dentures



Old Cottage, Young People,



Keep in touch with all the latest work-saving ideas for the home by visiting your Electricity Service Centre. Ask there for the new free book, "Life with Electricity". Or write for a copy now to the Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

New Notions

HE IS SOMETHING (still quite small) in the city. She does part-time secretary-typing work at the local hospital. Not much money, but, with care, they make ends meet. They have been married a year, and they have made a home.

Swan Cottage was a sorry sight when they first saw it: windows broken in, the front door hanging on one hinge, plaster coming away in blisters. But they bought it and made it into a home themselves.

They painted, patched and papered. To make the living room seem bigger, they used pale primrose paint on three walls, and a darker paper on the end wall. And the kitchen itself—well, that's an extension of the living room now, and just as cleverly organised.

Everything in that kitchen works on a switch—easily, cheaply, cleanly: electric cooking, electric hot water, electric washing machine, electric fridge.

They are adding other bits and pieces elsewhere in the cottage as and when they can afford to. But they put first things first and planned the kitchen as a working unit, to save work. They couldn't buy all their equipment outright, very few young couples can. But with Hire Purchase, shrewdly budgeted, they got in the Four Foundations of Modern Living, straight away.

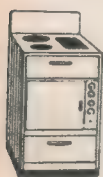
Furnishing with a Future

THE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT of a home is just as fundamental as its floors, doors and windows. Electricity is an essential part of modern living. It goes on working for you efficiently, quickly, cheaply, and without attention.

Your own house may be a going concern. But that doesn't mean that you can't modernise it, with electricity to do the hard work. Electricity will cook and preserve your food, clean and warm your rooms, wash and iron your clothes. Electricity is modern, clean and easy. It simply switches on and does most of the work for you.

**Build on the Four Foundations of Modern Living.
See them at your Electricity Service Centre!**

ELECTRIC COOKER



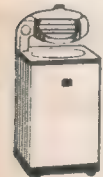
Electric cooking brings out the best in the cook. Automatically regulated oven heat: glass oven doors on some models: hotplates and grills you can control precisely. Electric cookers are clean and easy to keep clean. No purchase tax, and H.P. is only a few pence a day.

ELECTRIC WATER HEATER



The easiest way of having constant, instant hot water. Inexpensive to run, so long as you get expert advice about the right model and how it should be installed. Picture shows small heater for sink or wash-basin. Other models, and the popular immersion heater, heat the water for the whole house.

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE



Some people think a washing machine is a luxury, something extravagant. They are wrong. Nowadays it is essential—you'd never believe the money an electric washing machine can save unless you've actually talked to somebody who's got one.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



Four good things about this. Less risk to health—food stays fresh and wholesome longer; also, shopping is easier—buy when it's convenient; clean and cheap to run. This is a standard model; other versions are smaller with table tops.

ELECTRICITY

a Power of Good in the home

is apparently a country lane and, quite suddenly, its dark expanses sweep all around one.

For the farmer here there are three lines of advance—and retreat: first, his few home acres; his only "private" land, unless he also happens to have a "newtake" on the moor; next, the village common up on the outer margins of the moor; and, beyond again—with only the odd "Bound Stone" between—the vast foraging ground of the moor itself. A complex and cumbersome system, perhaps—but one that for centuries has wrung wealth from this great wilderness when "scientific" attacks have abjectly failed.

The small village of Peter Tavy has no fewer than three ancient commons at its farmers' disposal; and then there are the Venville rights, conferring on their herds and flocks the freedom of the Duchy's whole "Forest of Dartmoor"; all save the right to take "verte and venison."

Mary Tavy, a mile away, is perhaps not quite so rich. The army took over seventy-seven acres of Mary Tavy Common as long ago as 1910. Wills-worthy Common is a rifle range. The red flags wave all around; but though common rights have been extinguished, flocks still graze under licence over the danger zones—and the Venville remains. In fact, in one way at least, the arrival of the armed forces has brought a new factor into the farming economics of the moor.

Wild West Rangers

It was at Mary Tavy that I met Jack Warne, a local farmer who is also a "range-clearer." He had not been able to get into the meeting at Princetown the night before, he told me, because he had been out on his pony on the moor round Bagga Tor, clearing the herds out of the way for a Royal Marines' night exercise.

And were these "range-clearers"—these strange new English Wild West figures—always local farmers?

"Yes—that's a qualification for the job. You see you have to know the moor and the animals. If I see a lot of black Galloways, I say, oh, those are Mr. Fugue's black bullocks. I shan't be doing any wrong if I put them on Fur Tor."

Even on the expanse of the moor, each herd or flock would have what the Dartmoor men call its "lair"—and pronounce "leer"—and it was important that it should be returned to it when projectiles ceased whistling about.

"Worst thing is big flocks of Scotch sheep, with very young lambs," said Warne. "When you're moving them, you have to keep a careful watch you don't get 'em mixed up."

He spread before me a big map of the ranges, extending over several miles of moor, three big sectors, each a different colour, all pointing in towards the desolate heart of Dartmoor, near Cranmere Pool—since Victorian days a place of pilgrimage for walkers.

But surely, with so many animals wandering about, there must be considerable casualties—especially in night firing?

The Ranching Life

"On the Bagga Tor range we've not lost an animal—at least not in the last five years while I've been on the job. At night, the Marines fire flares to see the target—and, of course, that keeps the animals away. Anyway, I have a letter from the Admiralty that says that the interests of the farmers must always be put first. There mustn't be any firing till I or some other range-clearer says all's ready. . . ."

This latest avocation blends easily enough with the "ranching" life of the Dartmoor farmer. Warne, for instance, had a few pieces of land up and down, on which to bring in his sheep, cattle and a few ponies; and, with the rest of Mary Tavy's hundred and fifty other commoners, shared the still unimpeded run of the two thousand acres of Gibbet Hill that rose behind his cottage.

From Gibbet Hill, he told me, the way ran clear across the moor (apart from a hurtling shell or two) the sixteen miles to Chagford without a single

fence between. As if to underline this point, a string of ponies were at that moment dawdling about the tarmac road, causing the less animal-loving car drivers to brake and curse heavily. "A nuisance, I know," admitted Jack Warne, one of Mary Tavy's pony keepers. "But there's nothing that can be done about it. Can't fence the common, you see. Anyway, it would be hard to keep a pony in."

These dark little Dartmoor ponies are, indeed, inveterate wanderers. For centuries they have ranged the moor freely, from its high tors to its opening valleys—and no mere front garden fence is going to stop them now. They've been called, not without reason, the greatest champions of the commoners' rights; not long ago a High Court judge sitting in Exeter ruled, after much solemn legal argument, that a Dartmoor pony cannot trespass.

Ponies On The Roam

Possibly the ponies took this verdict to heart, because while I was around Dartmoor, one of them, entering the River Plym on its course through the moor, carried on until it was finally picked up by the R.A.F. on Mount Batten in the Catwater at Plymouth. The newspapers, reporting this, recalled another Dartmoor pony which, eight years earlier, had reached the breakwater at the entrance to Plymouth Sound.

The Dartmoor pony auctions, held at Princetown and Ashburton each September, still attract dealers from all over Britain. But the heyday of the ponies on the moor passed with the departure of the horse and trap and pony-cart from the roads, and with the electrification of the coal mines. With prices slumping between wars as low as £1 or 30s. an animal, the numbers on the moor shrank to no more than a third of what they had been.

The war was followed by another price-boom. Though it isn't easy to trace the animals' final destination, all the locals at the Princetown and Ashburton auctions knew from the fancy prices being paid that there was soon going to be a lot more "veal" on the restaurant menus—and not only in Belgium. But now with the acute postwar meat shortages over, prices fetched at the auctions have started to fall away again.

Off To The Slaughter

The Dartmoor pony, all the same, still has his niche in Dartmoor's unique agricultural economics. I asked Jack Warne why he bothered to keep ponies where he could have had sheep instead.

"Well, you see, they're a useful sideline," he said. For, if not "wild" as many people think, the Dartmoor pony is yet a singularly self-reliant, self-providing, animal. From the farmer's (if not the motorist's) point of view, he is the complete co-operator. He is just no trouble at all. He lives out on the moor all the year round and, with his moor-bred metabolism, on a diet apparently consisting largely of heather-tips, contrives to look robust, even fat.

In return for this sterling behaviour, his most probable fate—let us face it—is to be rounded up, driven off in a transporter some scores or hundreds of miles, to be slaughtered and eaten.

Not necessarily, though—for, in normal times, this is not the most profitable outcome. "Perhaps," explained Jack Warne, "perhaps I find a nice, docile pony. I keep an eye on him and maybe train him a bit. And perhaps I'll find some fond parent with a little boy or girl who's set on having a pony. Well, you might get twenty pounds for a riding pony against, say, six or seven pounds in the ordinary way."

These days, someone estimated for me, probably one in every six ordinary Dartmoor farmers are like Jack Warne: they run a few ponies as a useful sideline. But there are still left on the moor one or two men for whom the Dartmoor pony represents a substantial business; whose "round-ups" might put one in mind—again—of those Wild West films. There are the Rowe Brothers, at French Beer on the other

Londoners have whitest teeth . . . and here's why

Do you find it difficult to believe that teeth can be whiter in one part of the country than another? Well, read on and you will see why!

A New York Scientist recently discovered a new tooth whitening substance, called decyl-carminate. This, it is claimed, gives the teeth a "super-special" whiteness similar to that seen under those purple fluorescent lamps such as are used in the theatre. Another word for it is "auto-luminescence," a difficult-to-describe appearance revealed by comparing real pearls with the man-made variety (or cut-glass with real diamonds).

Decyl-carminate is applied to the teeth through the use of a new toothpaste with the unusual name of "Less"—Less Toothpaste. The reason for this is that you use half as much of "Less" as of ordinary toothpaste. A blob the size of a pea is sufficient to give snowy-white teeth with stains all gone and a gleaming high polish.

"Less" is a deep ruby-red in colour, and it has a really wonderful flavour and texture. And the effect on the colour of the teeth really has to be seen to be believed. In addition "Less" is ammoniated to keep down decay.

"Less" is made under licence in England to the exact original American formula; but, so far, it

has been more extensively distributed and advertised in London than elsewhere. Now that supplies are more plentiful, however, it is catching on all over the country; so now we'll be finding the whitest teeth from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

Get Less Toothpaste from Boots, Timothy Whites, all Good Chemists, Woolworth's, and British Home Stores. Price 1/7½d.

use
LESS
toothpaste

for white teeth plus that indefinable something known as the fluorescent effect.

Use less of it. A blob the size of a pea is enough. Made to the original U.S.A. formula. Ammoniated.

From the best chemists . . . 1/7½d.

SHOE-LIFE STORIES . . . continued

MY JOB WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR MY SHOES—BUT FOR PHILLIPS 'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS

SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET, MURSE! I'VE WONDERED HOW YOU KEEP THEM SO SMART AND NEAT

YES, GOOD LEATHER SHOES FITTED WITH PHILLIPS—THAT'S THE IDEAL COMBINATION FOR SHOE SMARTNESS AND HEALTH

Take it from me—
PHILLIPS double the
life of your shoes
'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS

Phillips

**WILSON'S
Top Mill**

11/-
PER
TIN

S. P. No. 1

SNUFF

**J. & H. WILSON LTD.
SHEFFIELD**

Walters'

"Palm"

Toffee

THE PERFECTION OF
CONFECTIONS



"If that chair didn't look right against the wall ten minutes ago, it's not going to look right against the wall now!"

side of the moor, and there was John Reep, up at Nattor Farm, the lonely farmhouse right up on the moor beyond Mary Tavy.

He had quite a reputation as a local character, this John Reep. "Proper lawyer," they said. "Knows all about common rights . . . more than the magistrates. Oh, he'll tell you a lot about ponies and the moor—if you catch him in the right mood."

I plunged back once again into the network of narrow twisting lanes. I passed the last gate and was jolting along over the open moor. The track ended in a huddle of granite farm buildings. I pushed open the gate, and went into the cobbled farmyard.

Old Dartmoor Family

An elderly man, slightly stooped, with short bristling grey hair and a grey stubble of beard, was in the yard. He wore the usual farmer's faded blue denim jacket and he was feeding several young russet-coloured South Devon calves from a pail. It was John Reep—and, it very soon emerged, he was in the right mood. Quite clearly, there wasn't much that went on around Dartmoor that John Reep missed.

As with so many of these Dartmoor families, there'd been Reeps around the moor for a pretty long time: at least since the seventeenth century, said John Reep. A few weeks before, he'd been looking through a pile of old papers and had come upon the accounts his great-grandfather had kept. They showed how this Reep had supplied milk to the French prisoners of war, carrying it each day on pack-ponies down the tracks into Princetown.

John Reep told me that, these days, he had between four and five hundred ponies on the moor. And that made him, he said, "the largest pony breeder in Great Britain."

The surprise was the market: still the coal mines—the older smaller coal mines of the north. Reep had his circle of customers all over the pit-districts, and knew exactly the requirements of the various workings—the small eleven-hands ponies for Durham, the bigger geldings for the Yorkshire pits.

I remarked on the robust condition of the ponies I'd seen.

"That's because we had a good back-end. They've wintered well and that's half the battle. It's the bad back-end that kills. Then, when the cold comes, the weaker ones haven't the strength left to go on."

And the cold can come with a vengeance. In the winter of 1947, it was eight weeks and five days before the snow cleared from the yard of Nattor Farm. But Reep's ponies are luckier than most. All through the winter months, and into the spring, hay is taken out to a good many of

them. The coal mining customers will take only the strongest and healthiest ponies.

The deep thud of mortars interrupted our talk. We went out of the yard and up on to the bank. Puffs of smoke rose from the valley. There were three mortar ranges down there. It seemed a strange accompaniment to farming—but you got used to it, said John Reep.

The ponies that hung about the gate seemed a very assorted collection. There were a couple of piebalds such as one saw, these days, all over the moor; there was a bigish carrotty coloured pony . . . "mealy-nosed," said John Reep, "an Exmoor cross." That dark-brown one? "Oh, now he's a real Dartmoor."

"There's no pony in the world to be compared to the Dartmoor mare," Reep went on. "Cross 'em with any sire you like and you get a good animal. A good Dartmoor pony never tires. I rode one up to fifty miles a day for twelve years—and I never knew him tired. The Dartmoor is the best worker in the world. But he has too much spirit for the pits."

So, to get the docility, weight and bone the pits wanted, John Reep travelled, to pony sales all over Britain, buying likely ponies and bringing them back to the moor.

Such expert and businesslike activities were not viewed with universal favour. The true Dartmoor pony, it was said, was becoming increasingly rare on the moor, and would indeed be extinct. And this would be a great pity. Feeling on the subject was apt to run high. When I confessed to Miss Calmedy-Hamlyn, secretary of the Dartmoor Pony Society, that I had met Mr. Reep, it was at once made clear that I had been engaging in treasonable communication with the Enemy in Time of War.

"Point of view?" she said, coldly. "Either your bread is pure or it isn't!" (Mine obviously wasn't.)

A Little Extra Cash

The Dartmoor farmer, however, doesn't keep his ponies as a hobby or to enrich the landscape, but in the earthy hope of bringing in a little extra cash. And he is well aware that at the Princetown auctions, the pony which always captures the children's hearts—thereby compelling father to dig into his pocket—is not the pure-bred Dartmoor but the most arrantly mongrel piebald or skewbald. For racialists—in the animal or the human world—the facts of life can be hard.

Not that the Dartmoor farmer these days has any great need to scrape up a few extra pounds from his pony sales. He is no longer an English "hillbilly," poised precariously on the verge of subsistence, obliged, as he was often



PHILIPS

for your complete home entertainment

ALL OVER the world, entertainment is brought into more homes by the Philips organisation than by any other. Why? Because of Philips world-wide reputation for quality and dependability. This reputation is based on Philips pre-eminent research facilities, which have led to the introduction of so many of the most important technical developments.

Television, Radio, Radiograms, Record Players, Records . . . you will find *complete* home entertainment in the Philips range. You'll find superb performance and beautiful cabinet designs. You'll find, in fact, just the model you are looking for—and at the price you're thinking of, too. Yes! Philips is the name you can trust.

Whatever the programme....

the picture with all the detail!



Once you've seen television on a Philips set you'll never want anything else. Such a magnificently real picture—sharp and clear down to the smallest detail. And remember, when the alternative programmes start, with the Philips Multi-Programme Tuner you'll have instant programme selection.

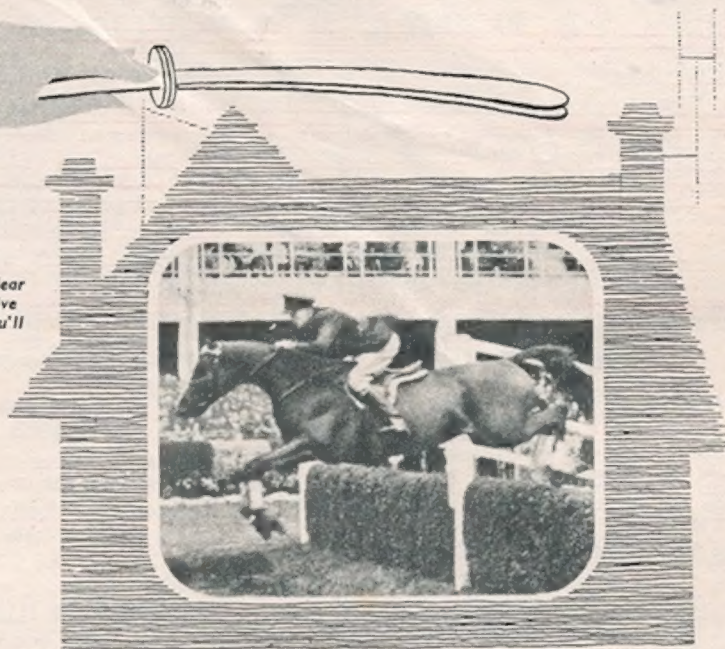
RADIO

TELEVISION

RADIOGRAMS

RECORD PLAYERS

RECORDS



PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

PR664B

It opened Mai's eyes!

WHAT IS IT LIKE to see yourself as a sculptor does?

"Definitely surprising," says lovely Mai Zetterling. "It's the first time I've looked at myself in 'three dimensions,' and I've discovered some new angles I never knew about before!"

But Mai's flawless complexion bears witness to the fact that she has little new to learn about keeping her skin lovely. She took a good look at toilet soaps a long time ago, and wisely picked the *whitest of all*—Lux Toilet Soap.

You see, the whiteness of Lux Toilet Soap is an outward sign of its inward purity. It's an assurance that Lux Toilet Soap is gentle and mild, safe enough to merit the care of the most delicate skin.

Look for yourself, as Mai Zetterling did—and you'll find that Lux Toilet Soap is the very *whitest* in the world. On sight alone, you sense its wonderful purity. Nine out of 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They, too, have their eyes wide open where their complexion's concerned.

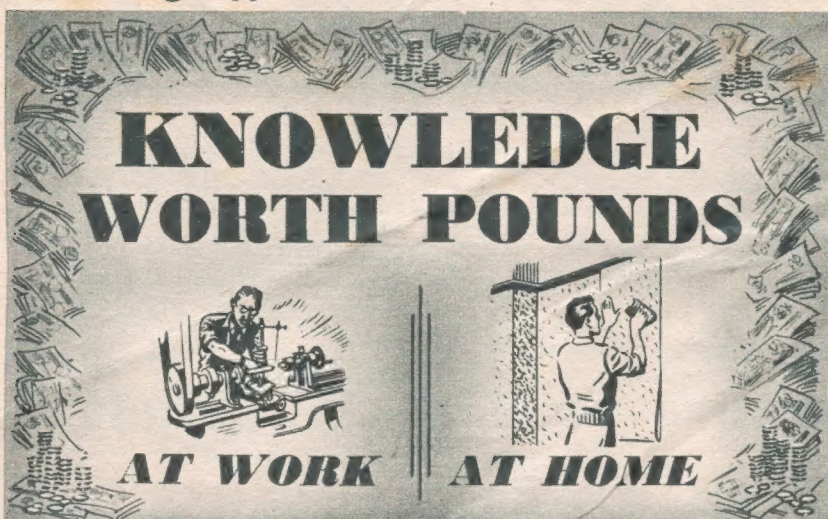


The bewitching fragrance of pure, white Lux Toilet Soap lingers lovingly with you, enhances your allure. Try Lux Toilet Soap today. It comes in two sizes—each a promise of new loveliness for your delicate skin.

MAI ZETTERLING meets herself in a new dimension—the art of sculpture. You'll meet her, currently, in the Paramount film, "Knock on Wood." Watch the colour close-ups of her exquisite Lux Toilet Soap complexion!

9 out of 10 film stars use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap

Amazing offer to "John Bull" readers



Here is your chance to acquire—at amazingly low cost—the vital knowledge you need to get AHEAD. These unique volumes have been compiled by *Practical Experts* to provide you with up-to-date, authoritative instruction—covering every aspect of many subjects in the most helpful, easy-to-grasp manner—that will prove of LIFE-LONG BENEFIT. Choose your book or books NOW—without obligation—and post the form AT ONCE for details of the unique BOOK-A-MONTH PLAN.

Practical books for your JOB

346 RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRICAL REPAIRS

Invaluable guide to the maintenance and repair of radio and TV sets, from preliminary testing to major repairs and the principles of electricity, radio and television. 448 pages. Over 400 illustrations. 12/6

299 ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

An Encyclopaedia specially planned to meet the everyday needs of the student, apprentice and the practising engineer or the experienced amateur. Thousands of A-Z entries written in simple, easy-to-follow language. 768 pages. Over 750 illustrations. De Luxe edition only 19/9

170 PRACTICAL AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING ILLUSTRATED (NEW REPRINT)

Covers maintenance and repair of all types of petrol- and diesel-engined road vehicles. Engine tables, wiring diagrams, lubrication, fault-tracing, chassis, suspension, braking, etc., etc. 512 pages. Over 450 illustrations. Ready Nov. 16/-

209 PRACTICAL ELECTRICAL WIRING & CONTRACTING

A complete guide to domestic and industrial wiring systems, circuits, apparatus, testing, etc. 384 pages. Over 400 illustrations. 12/6

270 ELECTRIC MOTORS AND GENERATORS ILLUSTRATED

An essentially practical work on the design, construction and use of electrical machines. Written by the most highly-qualified experts, it is authoritative and up to date. 384 pages. Over 400 illustrations. 12/6

194 GENERAL ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Surveys, elementary theory, design and use of high-power apparatus from generation, distribution to application in communication and industrial processes. Covers electricity, magnetism, cable jointing, motors, etc. 448 pages. Over 500 illustrations. Standard edition 15/- : De Luxe 16/3.

167 GENERAL ENGINEERING WORKSHOP PRACTICE

10 highly-qualified experts explain the how, why, what and when of the vast field of technical engineering. 576 pages. More than 600 technical drawings and diagrams. 12/6

200 MODERN FOUNDRY PRACTICE

Provides craftsmen, students, trainees and others engaged in Foundry work with a complete, practical text-book covering all stages and processes of Foundry practice. 396 pages. Over 350 specially drawn illustrations. 12/6

192 PRACTICAL BUILDER

Here, in one compact volume, is essential information in practical instruction covering the many aspects of the building trade—indispensable to students, apprentices and ambitious craftsmen. 14 experts deal fully with every aspect of established practice. 448 pages. Over 500 illustrations. 12/6

215 PRACTICAL BUILDING REPAIRS ILLUSTRATED

A comprehensive and practical guide by 14 specialists, to all types of repair and maintenance work. Covers work to walls, roofs, floors, flues, materials, etc. 384 pages. Nearly 300 illustrations. 10/6

NO OBLIGATION—

Do-it-yourself books to CUT household bills

Here is the expert know-how that will help you to save pounds doing all kinds of essential jobs in home and garden—yours at remarkably low cost! Hurry! Choose your books, ANY or ALL, and post form NOW!

353 PRACTICAL HOME WOODWORKING ILLUSTRATED

Shows how to make stylish furniture for every room. Absolutely packed with clear and concise information vital for the home carpenter. 384 pages. Over 500 illustrations. Standard edition 10/6 : De Luxe 11/9.

703 MODERN HOME PAINTING AND DECORATING

Shows how to use modern methods. Covers all interior and exterior decorating, including many lovely colour schemes. 208 pages. Over 200 illustrations. 9 colour plates. Standard edition 10/6 : De Luxe 11/9.

293 PRACTICAL HOME HANDYMAN

Clear, practical "how-to-do-it" guide to a thousand and one jobs in the house, garden or garage. Be your own skilled carpenter, plumber, decorator, etc., with complete success. 416 pages. Nearly 400 illustrations. Standard edition 9/6 : De Luxe 10/9.

377 BIG BOOK OF GARDENING

Complete "can't-go-wrong" guide to success with flowers, vegetables and fruit! Covers ALL work in garden, greenhouse and allotment. 608 pages. Over 600 illustrations. Standard edition 10/6 : De Luxe 11/9.

100% GUARANTEE FULL SATISFACTION OR NO CHARGE

HOW TO ORDER

Write book number(s) in appropriate space(s) on Reservation Form. Where choice of Edition is available, indicate Edition required by putting "S" (for Standard) or "D" (for De Luxe) after book number. On receipt of reservation we will send an Invoice for the Book(s) selected, together with details of our "Book-a-month" plan. Prices include postage, packing, etc. Post form in lidd. stamped, unsealed envelope to Dept. J.N.1, Odhams Press Ltd., 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.2. Offer applies U.K. and Eire only, closes October 2nd. Hurry!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

RESERVATION FORM

To: Dept. J.N.1, Odhams Press Ltd., 5 Dryden Street London, W.C.2. WITHOUT OBLIGATION reserve in my name the book(s) indicated below and send Invoice with "100 per cent Satisfaction or No Charge" Guarantee, together with details of your convenient "Book-a-month" purchase plan. Insert Index Number of Book(s) wanted in panel(s) below and put "S" for Standard Edition or "D" for De Luxe.

Book No.	Edition	Book No.	Edition

USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

J.N.1/18.9.54

Firmly affix 1ld. stamp in margin

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



enough between the wars, to take in holidaymakers or sell a few bullocks to pay his meagre rent.

Britain's postwar New Deal for agriculture has not passed him by. All around the moor, from Yelverton in the west to Chagford in the east, from Okehampton in the north to South Brent in the south, the villages that fringe the moor bloom with a new prosperity, are alive with a new urge to keep abreast of farming progress. In the places where farmers gather you hear many a rags-to-riches tale today.

Only one thing has not changed: the moor itself, the solitary world of Jim Endacott, who "polices" the moor as the Duchy's Reeve.

Endacott lives in a small four-square granite bungalow up on the western edge of the moor, just above the Rowe Brothers' farm at French Beer. There's a path running down the side of his house that's a bit of the "Mariners' Way" that runs across the moor, from Dartmouth, where the sailors used to sign off their ships, to the North Devon coast where they hoped to pick up new ones. Dartmoor is full of such old tracks.

The Reeve was away out on the moor with the Mid-Devon Hunt when I reached his bungalow. But Mrs. Endacott invited me into the kitchen where she was busy putting down eggs for the winter.

A peat fire burned in the grate, giving a tangy fragrance to the air. Peat from up near Teign Head, high up on the moor. Though the Venville rights of Dartmoor commons include the right of turbarry—or the cutting of turf—Jim Endacott is about the only man left on the moor who still cuts and brings in his own peat. Few, probably, have the knack any more: for peat-cutting is a highly skilled job.

His Lonely Patrol

A dog bounced into the room. The Reeve, back from the hunt, was behind him.

"Was there a kill?" asked Mrs. Endacott.

Endacott, a quiet, self-contained man, nodded. His, indeed, was a unique parish, an extraordinary beat. He could patrol all day over the moor on his pony and never meet another human being. There was a whole world up there—the world of Jim Endacott and the Dartmoor ponies—with its own range of colours, its own wild creatures, its own austere architecture of tor and clitter and hute circle and stone rown, its network of trackways, worn smooth through the centuries, first trodden, many of them, by men who wore skins.

Many rivers rise in the great northern mórass, high up on the moor, a vast sponge for the rain which Dartmoor folk divide into "fen" (or peat-bog) and "quaking mires"—the famous

"Dartmoor feather-beds." The mires have another—and a bitter—local name: "the Dartmoor stables."

Often enough, on his patrols of the moor, Jim Endacott would be brought up sharp by the sight of an animal, sunk deep into a mire. If there was hope, the Reeve would go and telephone the farmer to come with a rope; but unless help came very quickly, it was always too late. Animals which would regularly endure the worst seasonal hardships quickly capitulated in the face of the unknown. Ponies which would stand up to the iciest blasts across the moor would quickly surrender as the chilly mire-waters sucked around them.

Arc Of Red Flames

Another peril to be watched on the moor was fire. But fire was a matter of some controversy: there was burning and burning. Driving out of Princetown, I had seen a whole great arc of red flames, slowly edging up the vast hillside. Great clouds of smoke billowed over the moor. This was the season of "swaling"—when the farmers burn off the old tough heather to give a better chance to the young herbage beneath.

But, whether the fires were purposeful or accidental, there were many who said the moor was over-burned. Over wide stretches, the heather was going and the bracken was reigning in its stead. A young cow can die from over-indulgence in bracken.

The great solitudes are unbroken still; but surrounded. A few miles to the south of the Endacotts' home, at Widecombe-in-the-Moor, lives the tenant of "Ye Old Glebe House." There in summer the tourists crowd between the tables of brass and pottery souvenirs, and Swiss musical boxes that play "Widecombe Fair," hurrying to dip their souvenir pixies in the Wishing Well, or to try out "Uncle Tom Cobleigh's Chair."

At Buckfast, another tourist Mecca, the narrow streets jam with motor coaches, ferrying their loads up from Torquay and Paignton to view the wonders of Buckfast Abbey; at Princetown, the "desolate" roads are blocked from time to time as beves of motorists stop to feed the ponies, or to get an eyeful of the Prison.

It was odd that these two worlds—the syncopated world of the motor-coaches and the cars and Cream Teas and Ye Old Glebe House and the solitary world of Jim Endacott—should lie so close together, comprised under this one word "Dartmoor"—and yet touch each other scarcely at all. It was odd—but it was fortunate. It was, perhaps, come to think of it, Dartmoor's greatest quality. THE END

Another article in the series "Journey Into Britain" by Harry Hopkins will be appearing soon

PRIZES SOAR to VALUE OVER £1,250

for "Bullets" 42nd BIRTHDAY!

FIRST COMPETITION to present World Cruise tickets? First to provide trips to New York? First with Swiss Holidays? *Bullets*, of course—the competition which now celebrates its forty-second birthday with a foretaste of tomorrow, *helicopter trips over London* for birthday guests!

Over 170 competitors have already enjoyed *Bullets* weekend gatherings. Now, in this week's opening birthday offer of prizes increased to value over £1,250, your coupon below can win you as much as £650 cash and two of the first six invitations to the coming birthday party. See that you post your *Bullets* by Monday, September 27!



The helicopter carrying "Bullets" guests will take off from South Bank, where this Sabena machine is seen in flight.

WIN a FORTUNE and COME to the BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS!

£650 "BULLETS" 1st PRIZE CASH plus BIRTHDAY WEEKEND for TWO

£50 SECOND PRIZE, **£25** THIRD PRIZE EACH plus BIRTHDAY WEEKEND for TWO

Your Birthday Weekend includes...

- ★ "Welcome to London" Party—Friday, Nov. 5
- ★ Tour of Guy Fawkes Celebrations
- ★ Shopping Spree with £5 notes provided
- ★ Helicopter Trip over London
- ★ Chat with "Mr. Mystery": his voice is known to over 100,000,000 people!
- ★ Sightseeing Tour, including Windsor Castle
- ★ Stalls at NORMAN WISDOM Show, London Palladium—and backstage chat with the star
- ★ Birthday Tea-party with novel entertainments

2,042 OTHER PRIZES: £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 25 of £1—2,000 "Good Shot" Awards

TV and CAKES TOO! see coupon on right for full details

HOW TO JOIN THE PARTY!

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Thanks To John Citizen
On This Earth
The Chinese Dragon
Good For Us
Democracy Demands
The Plodding Ploughman
A Costly Lesson
Cut-throat Competition
Yap, Yap, Yap
Worn To A Shadow

Football Mad
Made Her Miserable
Back Again
The Moon Looked Down And
Quite A Party
Got A Nasty Surprise
Grandpa's Rival
Not Very Bright
Like An Ostrich
In The Old Oak Chest

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

As Long As.....Lives Braving The.....
.....The House Earned His.....
With All Those.....On.....'s Plate

POST ENTRY: "Bullets" 1955, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated October 16 and in JOHN BULL dated October 23), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 9, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,955 result.)

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 1,950

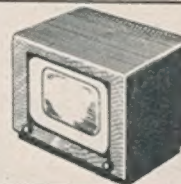
FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Week of Surprises: Mrs. S. M. Bailey, 98 Highfield Road South, Dartford:

Inside That Church—Something "Stupendous" Cinema Misses.
"CASTLE" EACH! £6: T. Hatton, 36 Parry Street, Seacombe, Wallasey: AN ENGLISHMAN'S RESERVE—"ARMOUR"—BUT "GALARAD" INSIDE! £5: H. K. Forrest, 35 Pound Close, Long Ditton, Surrey: INSIDE THAT SCOUT—HAT, "BEING PREPARED"—Man. £5: J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs: HOLDING NAZIS BACK—ADENAUER—WITH FINGER TIPS! £5: Mrs. M. Pike, 48 Lavington Road, Ealing, London, W.13: AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME—PREFAB WITH CASTELLATED PRIVET!
For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" Bulletin. 50 *Bullets* Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

£75 TV and BIRTHDAY CAKES as BONUSES

Choice of Television costing up to £75 for highest of 20 chief winners whose winning entry was one of FIVE or more *Bullets* on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet. Iced BIRTHDAY CAKE to other such winners.



1,955

Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 27

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value

No.

FREE

"Bulletin" dated Oct. 9, containing first offer of CHRISTMAS DINNERS



Fill up and post this Label by Mon., Sept. 27—post brings first Christmas Dinners Bulletin on Sat., Oct. 9.

NAME
ADDRESS

768

Fixoflex

THE ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET WITHOUT CENTER CLASP, SUITABLE FOR EVERY STYLE OF WATCH



When purchasing, remember that all our bracelets are stamped with our registered Trade Mark "FIXOFLEX" and



ESTABLISHED 1885
MADE IN ROLLED GOLD AND ALL STAINLESS STEEL.
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS

He'd sit up and beg for it— if he knew what it contained

Benbow's—the conditioner used by leading breeders—contains extracts of grasses combined with vegetable oils rich in vitamins. Two doses a week will keep coat glossy, stop scratching, prevent minor skin troubles, give playful energy. Puppies should have Benbow's regularly to promote growth, ward off infection and prevent rickets. From pet shops, chemists, stores, etc.



SEND FOR FREE COPY of "Health Hints for your Dog". Write to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co. Ltd., (Dept. J.2), 10 Station Road, Shortlands, Kent.

BENBOW'S
famous DOG CONDITIONER

BOOKLET

Free! "BUYING SHARES OUT OF EARNINGS"

Become a shareholder in Britain's prosperous industries for as little as £5 down. This booklet explains how. Sent post free. Write to:

Investment Service Dept. X
WHITEHEAD INDUSTRIAL TRUST LIMITED

177 Regent St., London, W.1.

Licensed Dealers in Securities
Directors: A. J. Whitehead, J. D. Kyle, C.A.

GRAND SURPRISE in NEXT WEEK'S HUGE BIRTHDAY OFFER!

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 11d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 6d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Life's always sweeter
with Spangles!

All Assorted Spangles contain flavours extracted from the
natural fruits, and other fine flavours.



only 3^d a packet